YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

OLD GLORY IN AFRICA

The Waacs With the Army in North Africa

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Pfc. Ruth Perchard of Perth Amboy, N. J., drives a jeep on the headquarters air-courier run. Here she talks French to mechanics of the French Air Force.

Pvt. Margaret Miller of Cleveland, Ohio, otherwise known as "Butch" or "Detail," is general handy man. She likes it better than office work.

Pfc. Ethel Ponder of Sulphur Springs, Tex., gives the motor of her jeep the once over with a grease gun. She was formerly a mortician's assistant.

"Come and get it!" screams Mess Sgt. Gertrude Lund of Los Angeles, Calif., a sounds off with a loud noontime chow call. She knows how to make herself h

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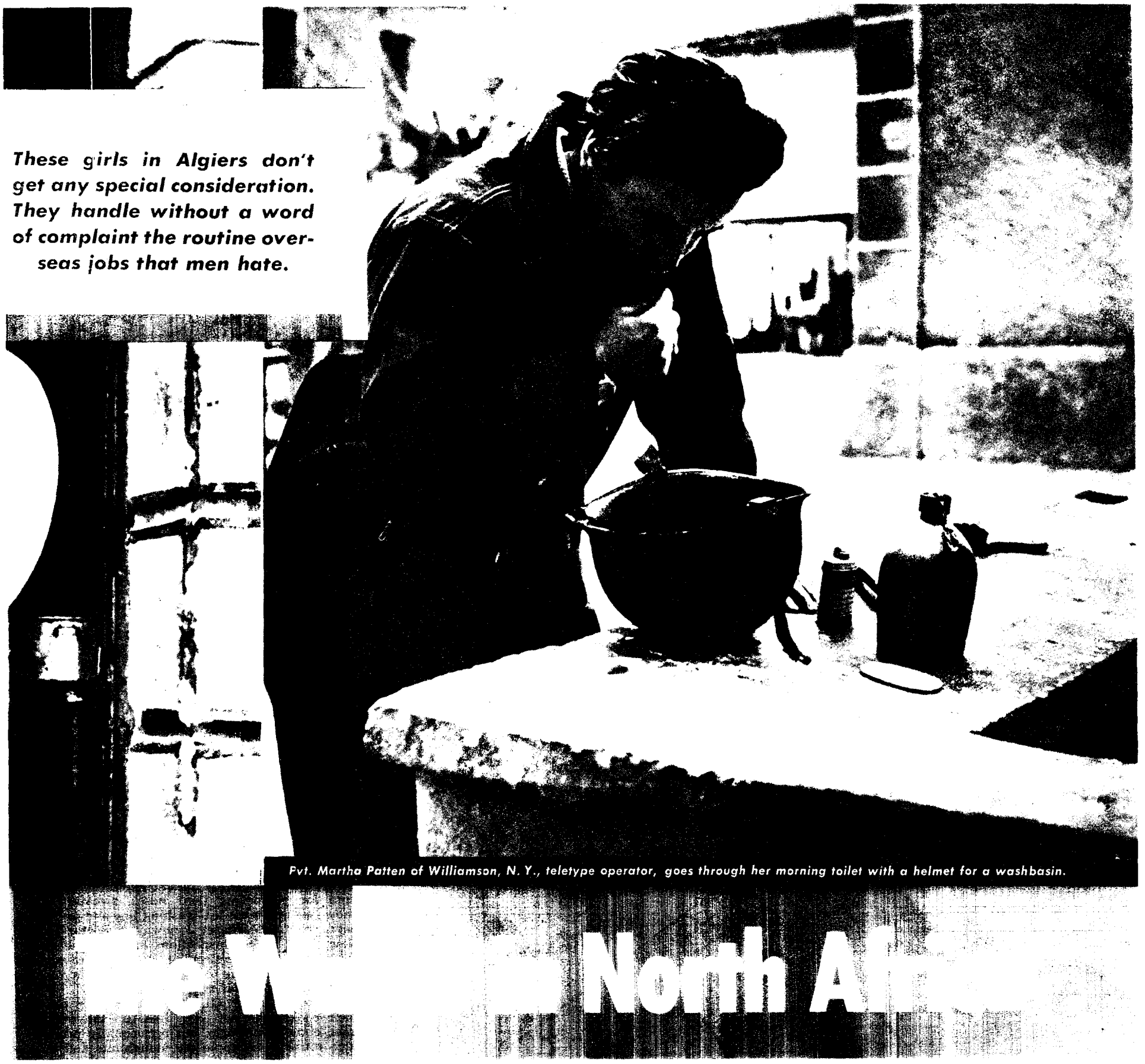

These girls in Algiers don't get any special consideration. They handle without a word of complaint the routine overseas jobs that men hate.

Pvt. Martha Patten of Williamson, N. Y., teletype operator, goes through her morning toilet with a helmet for a washbasin.

Women in North Africa

By Sgt. PETE PARIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ALGIERS — The first Waac commended for gallantry under fire in this war didn't do her stuff as a sniper or half-track driver in the front lines. She is a private first class named Mary L. Taylor from Lake Charles, La., who pounds a typewriter for the North African Economic Board.

Pfc. Taylor was walking home alone to the WAAC barracks from her desk at the Economic Board one night during the black-out when enemy planes came over the town and rained bombs on the streets. Lt. Earnest R. Mayfield, a Special Service officer in an antiaircraft outfit, yelled at her to get under cover. As they ran for a doorway, a piece of shrapnel plowed through the calf of Lt. Mayfield's leg.

The Waac took one quick look and stooped down and did a cool-headed bit of first-aid work. She applied a torniquet to the wound and stopped the flow of blood.

"I don't know what she made it from—perhaps her slip—but, anyway, she did a good job," Lt. Mayfield said later.

Then Pfc. Taylor and the lieutenant's driver took him 20 miles in a jeep with a flat tire to a first-aid station. The Waac never said a word about the incident, which would have been forgotten if Lt. Mayfield hadn't turned in a report 10 days later when he was released from the hospital. Col. Edgar W. King, commander of the lieutenant's Coast Artillery outfit, sent an official letter of commendation to Capt. Frances Marquis, the former New York business executive who commands the WAAC company in Algiers. When Pfc. Taylor was questioned by her astonished friends, she merely shrugged her shoulders and said, "I just got caught in a blackout." She wouldn't go into further details.

Like Pfc. Taylor, the Waacs in North Africa are good soldiers, even though they don't pack a gun or sleep in foxholes. They realize that it is a man's war and they have withdrawn discreetly to the side lines, cheerfully accepting the many overseas jobs that men hate. The girls in uniform have not had an easy time in this overseas theater. They live under strict military discipline and they found plenty of Old Army men who resented their arrival in North Africa. "Let 'em stay home and do the house work," these 30-year men muttered.

However, the Army soon found that the Waacs were doing a superior job with the few opportunities opened to them. Capt. Robert Seckinger of Bethsada, Md., CO of the American Motor Transportation Company, for example, is completely sold on them. He has six Waacs assigned to him as jeep drivers and he'd like to have a whole company. "We need them here," he says. "They can take care of all the headquarters driving while our boys make the long hauls."

The jeep-driving Waacs get no special favors or courtesies. When their buggies get dry or dusty or need a new tire or a grease job, they haul out fatigue clothes and do it themselves. They eat lunch at the GI mess hall with the other drivers, using their own mess kits and sweating out the line to wash them afterwards. One of the Waac jeep drivers is Pfc. Ruth Perchard of Perth Amboy, N. J., who wears pants, has a boyish bob and a sun-burned face full of freckles. Ruth is a graduate of Russell Sage and worked for nine years as a social investigator for the State of New Jersey before joining the WAAC. She was qualified for a commission but turned down a chance to go to OCS when she heard about the formation of this overseas company. Another driver, Pfc. Mary Helen Lovell of Curtis, Ohio, used to be a short-order cook. "I don't see why we can't do more night driving," Mary says. "Of course we are not allowed to carry arms. All I have is this GI billy club."

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Lt. Sylvia Marsili wears a load of African booty. Each ornament stands for a dance or a party.

Pfc. Sara Milton of the North African Waacs is on her way to work with a GI raincape to keep her dry.

Pfc. Ralph Bean guards the Waacs, but he's still loyal to the girl who sent him her photo.

Two of the girl drivers, incidentally, act as chauffeurs for Gen. Eisenhower's staff officers. Since they have been handling Army cars in North Africa, the Waacs have not been charged with a single MP traffic violation, which is quite a record.

The rest of the Waacs—there are 195 of them stationed here in Algiers — work as typists, switchboard operators, cable clerks and teletype operators not only for the Army but also for the Navy and British, French and civil agencies. The roster also includes a couple of draftsmen, or should we say draftswomen? The Waac with an especially interesting job is Sgt. Nan Rae, who is a stenographer assigned to Gen. Eisenhower. She was a stenographer in New York, her home town, before going into uniform and previous to that worked for the Vacuum Oil Company in Glasgow, Scotland. Nan was an auxiliary when she landed in North Africa but now she is a T-4, thank you. She works hard from 8:30 A.M. to 6 and sometimes 10 P.M.

These girls, the first WAAC company to arrive overseas, crossed the Atlantic in January after training at Fort Des Moines and Daytona Beach, Fla. Arriving here, they were quartered several miles from town in an old convent which they share with several nuns and French refugee children. The only males permitted near the convent are the MP guards, one during the day and two at night. Occasionally some of the local GIs from the Quartermasters get a close look at the place while delivering rations.

The convent is a pretty building, covered with bright red poppies. The monastery, where it is located, owns its own cows and chickens and grows its own vegetables. The nuns get along fine with the Waacs, working for them in the kitchen and doing their laundry. The money they earn that way goes into a church charity fund.

The Waacs sleep under mosquito netting in GI cots, hospital bunks and some beds that the nuns gave them. They sleep in pajamas—GI issue—blue and white checkered in the winter and peach or blue seersucker in the summer. Just as you can tell a soldier who has been in the Army a long time because the fatigue clothes are blue instead of green, you can spot an old-time Waac by the color of her summer pajamas hanging on the wash line. Peach seersucker is the old issue.

The first sergeant of the company is Elaine Olmstead of Phoenix, Ariz., a former physical ed instructor at Arizona State College with five brothers in the Army. She clips her hair short and wears pants, but the girls say she isn't too tough. Your correspondent had a hard time getting her to pose for a picture and the only quote she gave was "This French plumbing is terrible."

SGT. OLMSTEAD blows the first whistle at 6 in the morning. Some of the Waacs have to catch a 7-o'clock bus, which doesn't leave them much time for powdering their noses, sweating the chow line and mess-kit-washing line and policing barracks. Lt. Margaret Janeway, a doctor from New York, makes inspections daily. If the girls get gigged for oversleeping or failure to make their beds according to regulations, they are confined to quarters for two weeks.

Unlike all other GIs, the Waacs here praise their cooks who not only dress up the regular issue chow temptingly but occasionally produce such miracles as apple pie, doughnuts and butterscotch pudding. "Sometimes," they boast, "we even have ice cream." God only knows how.

Here are typical menus at the convent mess hall: *Breakfast*—Oranges, French toast, syrup, cereal, butter, coffee. *Dinner*—Baked spam with cheese sauce (very good; I had some), spinach, buttered beets, crushed pineapple, bread, jam, lemonade. *Supper*—Link sausages, creamed potatoes, fresh lima beans, bread, butter, jam, coffee. Once a week they get fresh meat.

Once a week, too, the tiny PX, managed by S/Sgt. Ann Bradley, the supply sergeant from Philadelphia, Pa., opens up to sell the girls their rations of bonbons and smokes. This PX is a small room filled with candy, tooth paste, cigarettes, bats, balls, catchers' mitts and other toilet articles and recreational equipment. Sgt. Bradley sells no liquor, not even light wine or beer.

The Waac in North Africa puts up with all the bad features of military routine and gets none of the breaks that come to the average dogface. She draws her $50 a month with nothing extra for overseas duty. She has no free postage and no special GI insurance. Allotments? She never heard of them.

It's about time the Waacs over here started getting some of those breaks. They are doing a swell job under unfavorable conditions and not one of them is beefing.

This is the second YANK article on the Waacs at home and overseas. A third one will appear soon.

The Waacs line up for chow in the courtyard of the convent where they are quartered.

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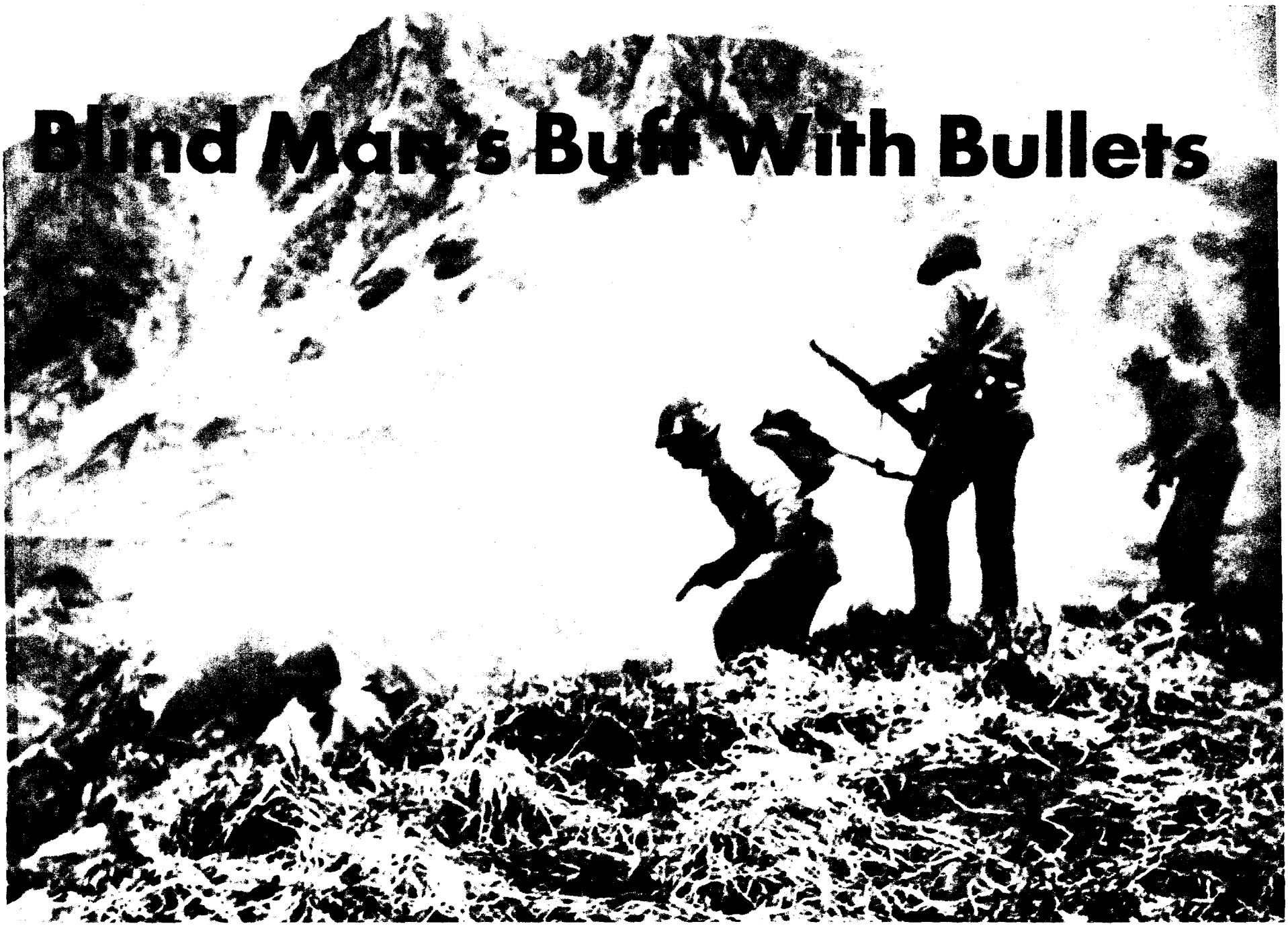
Blind Man's Buff With Bullets



In Attu a Yank mop-up squad closes in on some Jap dugouts screened by smoke of exploding grenades. The Japs had to be blasted out of positions like these.

Killing a Jug of Captured Jap Wine, These GIs Rehash the Attu Invasion

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ATTU ISLAND, ALEUTIAN ARCHIPELAGO [Via Courier from Massacre Bay] — We are hunched around a small warm fire, a bunch of us, killing our last liter of captured *sake* and second-guessing the invasion of Attu.

On one point we are all agreed. War here is blindman's buff with bullets. Plus a single sinister, incombatable weapon by which a crafty, vicious swarm of Japs has been prodding off several times its number in battle-eager Yanks.

The weapon: fog.

"What kind of a goddam war is this! You can't see 'em!" swore a sergeant from his litter, while four medics, knee-deep in custard mud, lugged his tough, stringy body from where he lay on a muskeg slope with 11 machine-gun and rifle bullets in his arms and legs. The sergeant, an Alaska Combat Intelligence Platoon scout, had been assigned as bodyguard to Col. Edward Palmer Earle, regimental commander, on a recon foray in advance of the American lines. The sergeant was not told that the colonel was dead of mortar shrapnel, possibly the first American victim of the assault.

"Where the hell are they?" cried the sergeant. "You can't see the bastriches!"

Of course, you can't. All day and all night they crouch in their cliffside caves towering over both the east and west passes of Massacre Valley. From their invisible emplacements they command an uninterrupted view of our entire operations. Shielded by fog, on stubby skis and flypaper feet, they inch their way down the sherbet-snow ravines. When the fog rolls up, like a window curtain, for perhaps a quarter hour at a stretch a half-dozen times a day, they pepper away with their chattery machine guns and moaning, thudding mortars. Before our artillery can spot the range, down rolls the fog. When it goes up again, they are the little men who are not there.

"It's eerie," says M/Sgt. Charles Burgmann, who formerly handled chores for NBC in Hollywood. "It's a script by Ernest Hemingway, direction by Alfred Hitchcock."

It was there, the fog, when our formidably escorted convoy pushed its way blindly into the rock-fanged maw of Massacre Bay. It chased us down the Aleutian Chain. It forced the assault troops into the most bizarre invasion of enemy shore line in the second World War.

Even the cunning Jap gunner in his steep gopher hole must have doubted his senses when a U. S. Navy destroyer, with foghorn sounding full blast, nosed through the low-hanging mist at the head of an armada of amphibious assault barges.

But on the beach, no Japs.

Riflemen slogged up the central ridge forming the backbone of Massacre Valley. No Japs.

Machine gunners sweated their weapons up the hill, and the mud grew deeper. No Japs.

At the crest of the ridge, Massacre Creek, West

THE WAACS HAVE A BUSY SOCIAL LIFE OVERSEAS

ALGIERS—The poor yardbird, already staggering under the burden of a strange tongue, new wine and an undesire on the part of the local French maidens to learn the intricacies of the jitterbug and conga was immensely relieved at the arrival of the Waacs in North Africa.

It wasn't unusual, prior to the debarkation of our gals in khaki, for Joe Yardbird to escort his favorite French mademoiselle to dances. The only catch was that the old lady generally tagged along as chaperon with the rest of the younger members of the family bringing up the rear.

The majority of the French girls are getting the cold shoulder these days. Lt. Sylvia Marsili of Pittsburgh, Pa., who is the WAAC Special Service officer in Algiers as well as mess, supply, PX, transportation and lost-and-found officer, and her assistant, S/Sgt. Ann Bradley, of Philadelphia, Pa., have been constantly swamped with requests by the Special Service officers of the doughboy outfits.

Not all the girls like to go to the dances, as for instance Pfc. Mary Helen Lovell of Curtis, Ohio, a jeep driver: "I prefer to play catch or ping-pong; but best of all I like to eat."

The girls play no favorites. In their average of three dances a week, they include those sponsored by the English Army, Navy and RAF. The English dances are well attended because of the novelty of such trick dances as Boomps-a-Daisy, Palais Gliding and the Lambeth Walk. Tea, cream puffs, lemonade and sometimes ice cream are served.

The homebodies, too, are not forgotten. Their mess hall is converted into a day room at night. Here the girls play the piano, listen to the radio, sing and play ping-pong on a table which some local outfit made for Lt. Marsili. Once a week, bingo is played at one of the GI day rooms or in the WAAC mess hall. Prizes are given but no money is collected.

On Mondays, favorite movies of the past years are shown in the mess hall.

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Fork, trickled a thin line 1,000 feet below on the left. East Fork meandered deep down on the right. On three sides loomed the sheer, smooth shoulders of mountains whose snow patches were already bruised black by naval bombardment preceding the attack. For more than an hour the guns of warships offshore had hurled their high explosives to blast the Japs off the face of these cliffs. There could be no Japs here.

The fog lifted and the medics went to work. The line of unarmed litter bearers across the slippery snow patches, over the unjeepworthy swamp glades, has been steady ever since.

"We had a close go last night," drawls Pvt. Frederick Dulaney of Houston, Tex. "We'd picked up our patient and were starting back over the ridge when some machine gunner on the other side of the valley opened up. We had to hit the muskeg, and little divots of moss were flicking up all around us. We'd have got it for sure if some infantryman in his trench hadn't held up a lighted match. That drew the fire away from us right away."

Howitzers on the hummocky shelf above the beach have picked up where the heavy barrage from seaward left off. More snow is turning black on the mountains. When the fog lifts, there is a chatter of machine-gun fire. Tracers from our batteries lace the far face of the valley like sparks from a chimney in the wind. A few mortar shells crash up front where our emplacements are thickest.

In the CP a corporal moves toward the field phone in the soggy foxhole which is his sleeping quarters and the regimental message center. Zing! He goes down, clutching his shoulder. A private runs to pick him up, then stops short and looks bewildered as his own arm hangs limply, blood gushing from his wrist.

Snipers, too, play hide and seek in the fog.

Spiderlike, they cling to the crags overlooking our camp areas and bide their time. Most of their hits are sheer luck. They're potshotting from 1,000 yards.

"Some of 'em work closer than that," says Pvt. Randolph Duboise of Phil Campbell, Ala. "The one who tried his luck on me was only about 15 yards away.

"I was slicing across a gulley over on the West Fork. I thought I caught sight of somebody skulking along behind me, but I reckoned it was one of the other boys. I stopped and turned around to wait for him to catch up with me, and there he was, lying on the top of a little mound, just drawing a bead on me. I plunked to the ground and scurried behind a little knoll. In a minute I was higher than he was. He was down on his hands and knees, still watching the spot where I had dived out of sight. He didn't even know I was watching him. He should have known better than to mess with an Alabama boy like that."

"If those snipers would only go to bed nights, everybody would have a cheerier disposition," says Cpl. Harold Peterson of Hampton, Nebr. "But they get the idea they can prowl around in the dark and sneak through our sentry lines. I guess they figure they'll get through somehow, then pick us off one by one in the cold light of dawn. Just this morning we were all jerked out of our sleeping holes at 3 o'clock because some Jap patrols were working in close to the CP. Worst part of being pulled out when it's dark like that and you're sleepy is that everybody sounds like he's speaking with a Japanese accent."

The only time American planes have been able to try to give us a hand on the Massacre Bay side, four fighters went roaring up the valley into the gray veil. Only one came out. The same day, a transport plane trying to parachute food and supplies to an advanced position on the other side nosed low into the soup. We never saw it again. Fog.

The most amazing feature of this operation is the fact that every soldier here thinks the other fellow's job is tougher. The heavy-laboring shore-party crews wipe the sweat from their eyes and vow they wouldn't swap their 16-hour shifts for the midnight jaunts of the medics. The litter bearers regard their neck-exposing task as a soft touch stacked against the infantrymen's lot, firing away from their shallow mudslots. And the gunners themselves yell over their shoulders, "You just carry us some hot grub and dry sleeping bags, and we'll fight the goddam war!"

Sugar Scrapbook

AUSTRALIA — S/Sgt. James E. Greathouse, 25, of Pennsylvania has a hobby that makes sense. He collects a photo of every girl who raises his blood pressure, and sends it home for his mother to put in a scrapbook.

Greathouse will go to any lengths of cajolery or flattery to wheedle a photo out of a good-looking girl. The hobby began when Greathouse was in high school and by the time he entered the Army he had 400 pictures. He is still forging ahead and now his total is a little more than 600.

"I still haven't met the one I'm going to marry," he says.

THE hunters are back with a trophy from the hills of Iran. But they're not Iranians—just American GIs who got a day off to shoot boars. Pfc. Hiawatha Linkinogger headed the band, which galloped off in a weapons carrier. As one boar was found and shot at, the carrier bogged down in the mud; but four of the hunters kept going on foot, sighted two more boars and killed one. The boar finally got hauled back to camp and after a few days the chow line got the benefit. (On another holiday Linkinogger came back with two huge sows. Now they call him Hogginhogger.) In the photo above Pfc. Linkinogger is in left foreground by the boar's head. Second row (l. to r.) Cpl. Gindlesperger, Lt. Blundell, of the British Army, Pfc. Day and S/Sgt. Crabtree. Rear row (l. to r.) Pvt. Coleman, S/Sgt. Olendorf and Cpl. Donahoe.

Japs' Broadcast to U. S. Troops Presents Popeye and Poppycock

ON THE RUSSELL ISLANDS—Every week night soldiers in this area are entertained by what they call "The Zero Hour," a variety program beamed in this direction by the Nips from Tokyo.

They're terrific, these Japs. For instance, they've got a soap opera going now featuring Popeye, and at the moment he's changing from spinach to pickled plums because the plums contain more vitamins. In the middle of the script an announcer with a clipped English accent will interrupt to say, "How would you boys on Guadalcanal like a nice cold beer?" or maybe he'll say, "You men in New Guinea, your girls at home are running around with defense workers." Or he'll pay special attention to this island with the plug, "How would you men in the Russell Islands like to sink your teeth into a juicy steak?"

American soldiers listen to this crap with good humor. They even get a kick out of most of it, particularly when the Japs give out with a news broadcast claiming their "Wild Eagles" have accounted for our airmen to the tune of 10 to 1. They always wind up these descriptions with the statement that the heroic pilot "dives on his objective to a glorious death for the Emperor," and at least that much of what the radio says is true.

Sometimes the Jap radio takes on the peculiar propaganda technique of trying to persuade our soldiers that the Japs are push-overs for our side, and that they can't compete against us.

The men out here aren't fooled by that, either. Too many of them have been in contact with the enemy at one place or another.

—Sgt. ARTHUR BARSCHDORF
YANK Field Correspondent

The First Theatrical Task Force In Western Desert Clicks With GIs

CAIRO—The Army's first theatrical task force in the Middle East has hit the desert roads and trails.

It's an all-male outfit, but they're packing them into the dunes and wadis just as if they had a 12-girl line. They call themselves the "Sky Blazers," and their strength is an even dozen musicians, truck drivers, comedians, stagehands, electricians and vocalists drawn from the U. S. Middle East Forces.

The Ninth Air Force Special Service Mobile Entertainment Unit—as they're officially known—pack themselves, their props, instruments, even their stage, into a truck and a home-made bus.

They combed second-hand stores for properties and for instruments for the six-piece swing band which backs up the show. Around this equipment and rolling stock, they've built their show along "Helzapoppin" lines, making it a natural for the U. S. troops and a hit with every British or Dominion troop audience to which it plays.

"Sky Blazers" was the idea of Maj. Leroy C. Hinchcliffe, Air Force Special Service officer, and S/Sgt. Regis R. Schlegel, formerly in show business in Pittsburgh, who now directs the troupe. Schlegel started a search through the Middle East forces and turned up with the following who now comprise the mobile unit:

S/Sgt. Murray Davidson of New York, a former trumpeter in Will Bradley's orchestra; Sgt. Jack Jacobson who played New York night clubs as an entertainer under the name of Jack Williams; Pvt. Jack Wolfe, Chicago, another night-club entertainer; Pvt. Frank Smith, ex-Cleveland dance musician; Pvt. Robert Clements, Pittsburgh, former radio performer; Pvt. Woodrow Perrin, San Antonio, who once played with Senator O'Daniel's band in Texas; Cpl. Maurice Deise, former Baltimore dance-band member; S/Sgt. Robert Pinachi, Philadelphia, who was with Artie Shaw's band; Pvt. Jacques L. Kahn, Baltimore, former KDKA commentator under the name of Jack Crane; Cpl. Alston Townley, New York, former NBC staff singer; and Sgt. Bernie Neirenberg, Miami Beach, Fla., who danced under the name of Harry Bernie in Cole Porter's "Jubilee."

Two swing numbers, "Blackout Boogie" and "Middle East Blues," written by Kahn and Clements for the show, have become hits on the desert trails.

—Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Corresponde

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Who Is Artie Greengroin?

PFC. ARTIE GREENGROIN, whose adventures in England appear on the same page with The Sad Sack, is a newcomer to this edition of YANK although he has been a member of YANK's British Edition for many months. We've had a lot of questions about him. "Who is this jerk Greengroin?" most readers inquire. "Is he a real GI? Give us some proof. Either put up or shut up." So we asked our British edition to send its photographer, Cpl. Steve Derry, to hunt up Greengroin and send us some proof. Artie kept Derry in a pub for three days and then produced these pictures from his own scrap book, thus saving Derry a lot of work and film. Captions are by Artie, too.

Russian Cuts Rope with Teeth To Save His Ship from Exploding

Moscow [By Cable]—The crew of Patrol Cutter 065 of the Soviet Black Sea fleet knows how to take it.

The cutter was convoying a transport and two schooners when eight German bombers attacked. The planes were driven off and the cutter reached her destination. She had just tied up at her pier when 20 dive bombers struck her with everything they had.

During the fight a bo'sun named Antonenko, wounded in both hands from shapnel, remained at his machine-gun post until he became unconscious. An ammunition carrier named Marochkin, blown overboard by a bomb blast, swam back to the ship and resumed his work. Again the Germans were driven off.

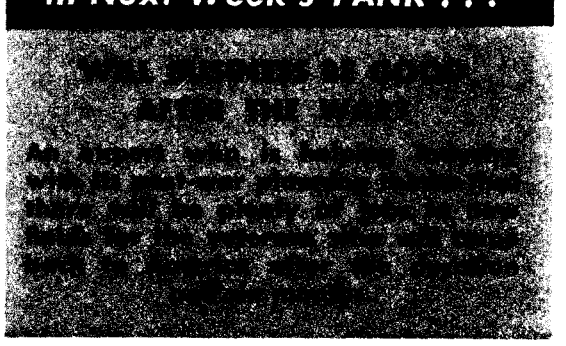
The cutter put to sea next day with the transport in convoy, and the dive bombers returned. More than 100 bombs were dropped on or near the cutter. The bridge and chartroom were demolished, the bow gun knocked out, the radio crippled and two motors silenced. A thousand holes riddled the hull, and the cutter began to sink.

Petty Officer Kuropyatnikov, his left arm torn off above the elbow, continued to man a machine gun. Then he saw that smoke boxes which lay on top of the depth charges had caught fire. In his weakened condition he crawled to the fire but was unable to dislodge the fireboxes with his remaining hand, which had become paralyzed. He used his teeth to bite through the ropes that lashed the smoke boxes and rolled them into the sea.

With half the crew killed or out of action with wounds and the cutter listing badly, the Germans retired. Chief Petty Officer Kalashnikov and Seaman Saleyev, both wounded, crawled to the hold and attempted to calk the worst leaks in the ship's sides. Rising water drove the men topside. The pumps were manned and an effort was made to patch the hull from the outside.

Seven hours later, with jury patches on some 1,600 holes, the cutter reached port on two motors without outside assistance.

In Next Week's YANK . . .



Army Sure Has Some Screwy Jobs; These Three Guys Pump for Dentist

ALGIERS—One of the screwiest jobs in this man's army belongs to Sgt. Lawrence Gannan of Detroit, Pfc. John Hazuda of Williamstown, Pa., and Pvt. Joseph Black of Detroit. They pump the field engines for the dentists in this vicinity.

Known as the "Three Pumpers of Algiers," they place their good right legs on foot pedals for 6 hours a day and pump like hell. The power thus generated turns the drills with which the dentists bore holes in GI teeth.

Believing that the men who drew this dignified assignment must have special aptitudes for the job, the *Stars and Stripes* of North Africa did a little investigating. It discovered that Pfc. Hazuda had been an undertaker, Sgt. Gannan a prescription chemist in a drug store and Black an engineer. But classification found that Black had worked his way through college mixing fillings; that's how he got his present job.

Greatest pleasure the Three Pumpers have had was the day a general was getting two fillings.

Their biggest disappointment was the day Mitzi Mayfair appeared while the pumpers were out to lunch, and Kay Francis pumped while the dentist, Capt. Francis Runde of Galena, Ill., did his stuff. Pfc. Hazuda was particularly disappointed that he had missed Mitzi.

"I sure would have loved to have seen her crunchers," he lamented.

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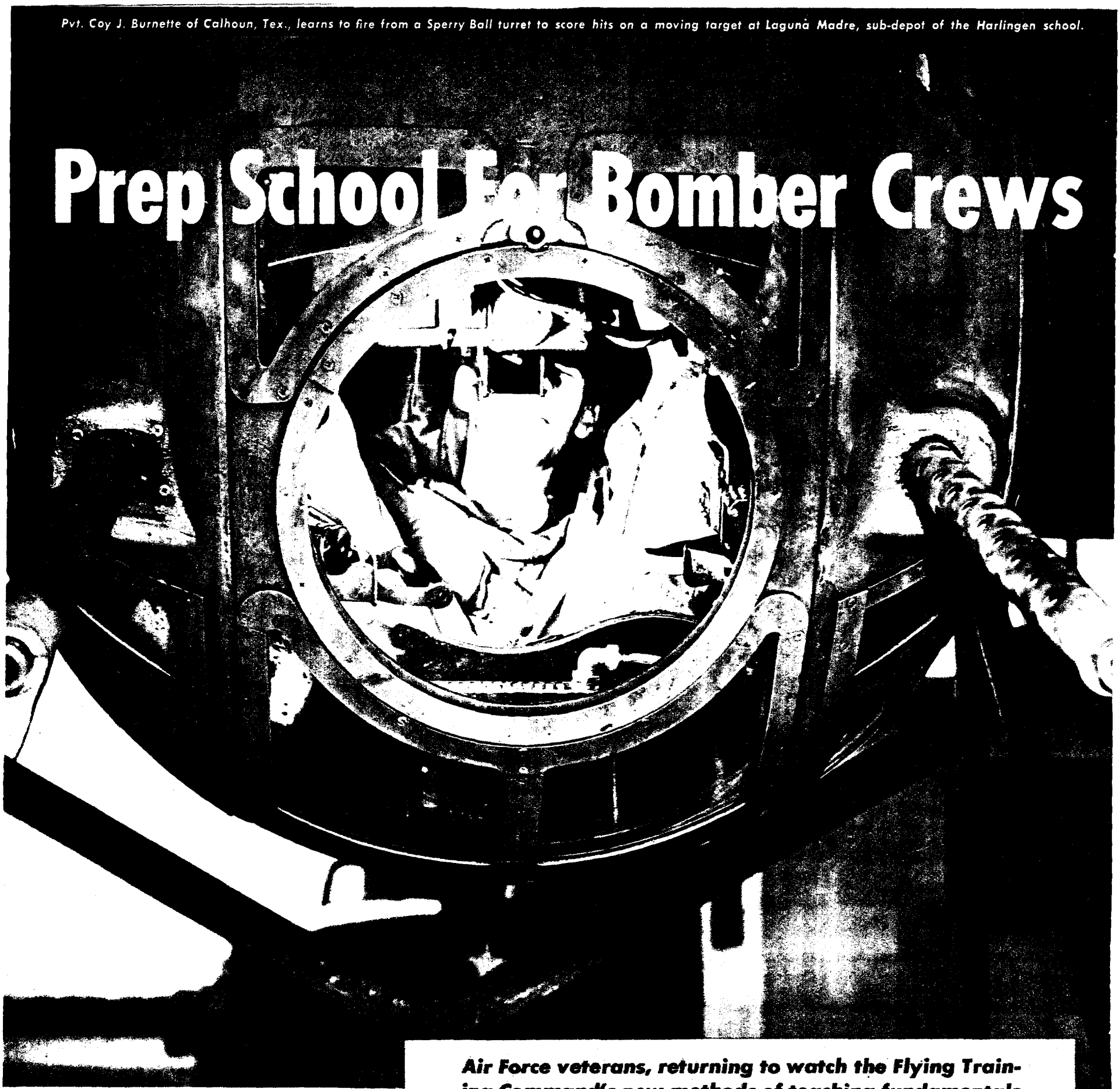
Pvt. Coy J. Burnette of Calhoun, Tex., learns to fire from a Sperry Ball turret to score hits on a moving target at Laguna Madre, sub-depot of the Harlingen school.

Prep School For Bomber Crews



Air Force veterans, returning to watch the Flying Training Command's new methods of teaching fundamentals to bombardiers, navigators and gunners, always say, "I wish we had this stuff last year."

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

A YOUNG gunner, back in the States on furlough after 11 months of action in a B-17 in the South Pacific, recently paid a visit to the Flying Training Command's Flexible Gunnery School at Harlingen, Tex. Escorted by noncom guides, he toured the place, from skeet ranges and synthetic trainers to Laguna Madre, the rugged sub-depot on the Gulf of Mexico where GIs fire from the Sperry Ball, the Consolidated and other turrets. After he had seen the works, the gunner said, "This is the damnedest place I've ever seen. Part of the joint is like Public School 20 in Brooklyn, another part is like an alley of shootin' galleries in Coney Island and that range down on the Gulf is like Guadalcanal. It's screwy. But I wish to hell some of us early birds coulda had training like this."

Harlingen, one of the Army Air Force's four flexible-gunnery schools (the others are at Fort Myers, Fla.; Las Vegas, Nev., and Tyndall Field, Fla.) contains such a variety of newly developed training devices that the young veteran's astonishment is understandable. The Flying Training Command's new course in gunnery, revised with thorough streamlining, is hardly recognizable to a gunner who took his training a year ago.

Student gunners used to get little ballistics instruction, little maintenance. Often they had fired only a few hundred rounds before heading for their first combat assignments.

It's not that way now—by a long shot.

During his 12 weeks at Harlingen, the student gunner spends 12 hours in a classroom learning ballistics. ("Ballistics," an instructor explains, "is what makes a bullet go here, instead of there.") He listens to confidential reports from the battle zones and studies letters from gunners at all fronts. For example, a tail gunner from North Africa writes: "A lot of us out here have had to learn the hard way that ammunition is precious stuff, not to be thrown away every time you see an enemy plane in the sky. If you'll wait until you've got a proper range and lead, then go to work on him with short bursts, you'll get a better mission—and you'll live a lot longer."

The student gets a 16-hour course that teaches him how the approximately 200 parts of a .50-caliber machine gun tick. He devotes five more hours to the secret sights. He gets 15 hours on sighting and sight harmonization, learns how to sight a spot through the gun barrel, finds out how to estimate the drop in the trajectory of a bullet and masters the various sight adjustments.

Meanwhile, he learns the importance of leading a target by firing a shotgun at clay pigeons on the skeet range. After 500 rounds or so, he goes to the GI shootin' gallery, a Coney Island sort of a building in which flexible air machine guns are fired at moving miniature enemy-plane models. During this period, he spends 12 hours learning how to spot Axis aircraft.

To develop his sense of range and distance, the

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student peers through regular sights mounted on an electrical device at moving silhouettes of enemy planes. He learns to judge a plane's distance by its size and position in his ring sight. Later at Laguna Madre, he gets important practice at range estimation by looking through his sights at AT-6s, which swoop at him from all directions, sometimes streaking less than 20 feet above his head.

The trainees begin firing with .22-caliber machine guns. Then they go to the malfunction range, where deliberate sabotage is practiced. There are fifteen .30-caliber machine guns on the range in carefully adjusted, nonworking condition. The GIs have to find out what's wrong and fix it, pronto.

Letters from gunners in combat zones emphasize the importance of maintenance. One gunner, writing recently to an instructor at Harlingen, said: "Thank God I got plenty of maintenance before I was sent over here. On my last trip, I had 'jam' trouble, and the trouble came at a damned unfortunate moment, with about 20 Zeros burning hell out of my tail. It was a jammed ejector. I spotted it and fixed it in a hurry. If I hadn't, those Japs would have ripped my stinger off in nothing flat."

Gunners Learn Their Turrets

Other combat experiences have shown that some missions were failures because gunners didn't know the mechanism of their turrets. "A ship, for example, would be over the Channel en route to a target in France," says Maj. Wilson J. Selden, Harlingen's director of training. "The tail gunner would test his turret and discover that it wouldn't work. He would notify the pilot over the intercom, and the pilot would nose the ship around and head for home, relinquishing the mission. Gunners trained today know their turrets as well as a good dogface knows his M1, and if anything happens during a mission, they can usually fix it in flight."

After three weeks at Harlingen, the boys move down to Laguna Madre on the desolate mudflats near the Gulf. Here they fire shotguns and submachine guns from moving trucks at various kinds of moving and stationary targets, and they begin an acquaintance with a gun turret that ends, as a sergeant puts it, by being "downright indecently intimate." Then they climb into medium bombers and fly out over the Gulf to fire at tow targets. Finally, if the student passes a tough examination and makes a qualifying score on the ground and in the air, he gets a staff sergeant's rating and his gunnery wings.

Flexible gunnery has at least one advantage over fixed gunnery. In a bomber, a gunner can swing his turret and guns on the target while his ship keeps on course but a fighter pilot has to swing the plane itself to the target. The fundamentals of both, however, are identical. At Foster Field, the AAF Advanced Single-Engine Flying School near Victoria, Tex., future fighter pilots get essentially the same preliminary training that bomber gunners get at Harlingen.

When cadets leave Foster, they get 14 days of fixed gunnery at a God-forsaken strip of sandy Texas soil in the Gulf of Mexico called Matagorda Island or on nearby Matagorda Peninsula, equally desolate. Here, under experienced combat pilots like Maj. Paul Greene, who was with the AVG in China, they first learn to "fire in" and harmonize their guns. They learn how to disassemble, clean and reassemble their pieces, and how to load them with belts of ammunition.

They fire several times each day at a tow target, peeling off and diving at a long strip of meshed wire which is pulled through the air on a prescribed course by another plane. (The tips of their bullets are painted in various colors so a record can be kept of their hits.) They swoop in low, strafing specially constructed ground targets. They learn the intricate business of compensating for cross winds close to the earth.

Upon completion of their course here, the cadets return to their advanced schools where they get their silver wings, additional transition training and finally assignments to combat.

Lt. Col. C. A. Miller, CO of the Matagorda base, summed up the course: "We teach pilots to use a ship just as if it were a gun turret."

DURING the past year, according to Lt. Col. John D. Ryan, assistant director of training at the AAF Bombardier School near Midland, Tex., there have been no significant changes in the FTC program for bombardiers.

"It's basically the same course," he said, "although combat experience has dictated several shifts of emphasis on certain subjects. For example, observers at the front reported to us that a number of missions had failed because of various forms of mechanical failure, such as fuse, shackle or sight troubles. At once we increased the maintenance course from 4 to 34 hours and intensified the training in actual repair work. Our cadets now learn their equipment from the littlest bolt to the mechanism of a blockbuster."

There have been few changes principally because AAF bombardier training has always been built around the Norden and Sperry bombsights, still the deadliest instruments of their kind in the world. Learning those sights was the cadet's job a year ago, and it's his biggest job today. Cadets, however, get considerably more gunnery instruction than a year ago, and they have to learn blinker code.

Most bombardiers, after completing the 12-week course at Midland, go to navigation schools now. The AAF intends to have in the future only combination navigator - bombardiers. Reports from combat zones show that on long missions navigators wear themselves down to a frazzle, while bombardiers, save for 20 odd seconds on the target run, do nothing but cool their heels.

While the collective AAF experience in combat has produced few changes in U. S. bombardier training, the FTC's new 18-week course in tactical and combat navigation is based almost wholly on procedures proved under fire.

Nowhere in the AAF is there a closer bond between the fronts and training school than at the FTC navigation centers. The AAF Navigation School at Hondo Field, near San Antonio, Tex., for example, keeps the addresses of all its graduates, who report on their missions. At the same time, new ideas developed at Hondo are mailed to the men at the fronts.

Lessons Learned Part of Program

Lt. P. P. Dawson, of the navigation section of the Flying Training Command, who saw plenty of combat while stationed in England, lists these combat lessons learned by the AAF that are now a part of the training program in U. S. navigation schools:

1. A year ago practically all navigation training was done in 5-place trainers, Beechcraft AT-7s. Now, in addition to the AT-7s, the schools are using considerable numbers of tactical bombers, notably B-24s and Venturas, which the RAF has been flying lately in its raids on Germany.

2. They're teaching far less theory than a year ago, concentrating on the practical aspects of navigation. For instance, the schools are now experimenting with low-level tactical missions, which they would never have thought of doing a year ago. These flights, at an altitude of approximately 100 feet, provide tough navigation problems, since the air is almost invariably rough, and the pilotage points, which the student has to check, flash by in split-second succession.

3. The navigators are now experimenting with "grope," a system of landmark recognition in which a photograph of a given portion of territory is flashed on a screen for an instant and then removed. By consulting his map, the navigator is supposed to be able to identify the section he has seen. This system is being installed because many pilots in England reported that quick recognition of landmarks was often the only thing that saved them when flying over fog-bound areas where only small slits of land were visible for an instant at a time.

4. A great deal more stress is being placed on aircraft identification.

5. Increasing attention is being paid to teaching code by lights as well as by sound. This has been done because it is essential for the navigator to be able to use light beacons flashing in code to take bearings.

6. A year ago navigation equipment at the schools was not identical with that used in combat. In the case of sextants, the lightest and most easily manipulated were reserved for combat navigators. The bulky hard-to-work ones were used in training. As a result, navigators had a tough time adapting themselves to the new equipment when they got to theaters of operation. Now the equipment at the schools and in combat theaters is identical.

Instructors With Experience

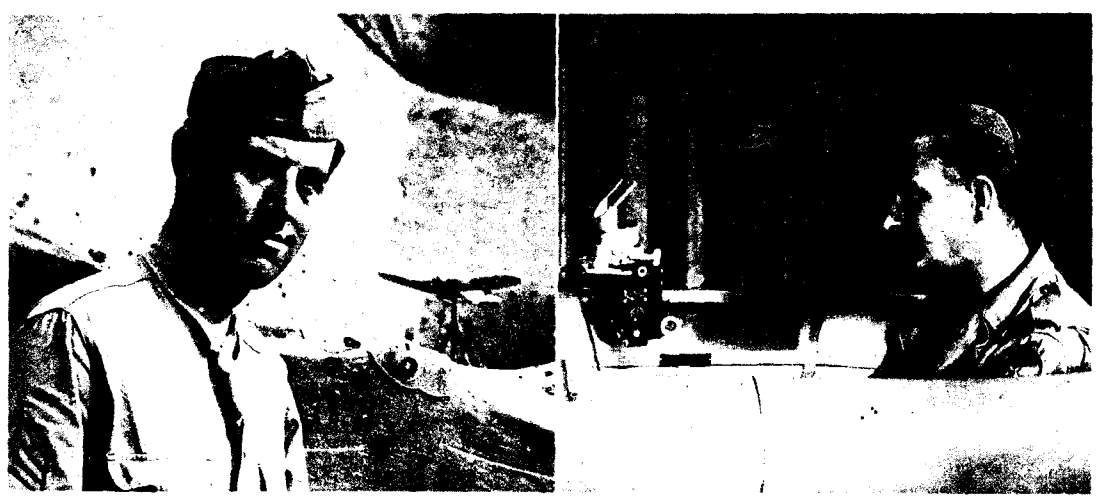
Many men with extensive combat experience are on duty as instructors at various AAF navigation schools, guys like Lt. Everett S. Turner of Binghamton, N. Y., who teaches tactical and combat navigation to the cadets at Hondo Field. Lt. Turner was stationed at Hickam Field, Hawaii, when the Japs hit Pearl Harbor. For the next 15 months he was busy guiding a Flying Fortress all over the South Pacific on Jap-hunting expeditions. During that time, he says, U. S. map markers had to learn combat navigation largely by trial and error.

In the early months of the war, Turner and his crew were flying in a ship with no astrocompass. In fact, they didn't even know there was such a thing. But they did know they needed something which an astrocompass would one day supply. So they took a little strip of sheet metal, a torn piece of negative film and some ordinary red paint and made a crude but effective contraption of their own. The strip of sheet metal, 1 inch wide, was attached to the circular edge (360°) of the top revolving gun turret. The film softened the sun glare and the red paint indicated the azimuth. The pilot could take a reading by simply looking over his shoulder.

"It got us to plenty of shows," Lt. Turner said. "And, equally important, it always got us back."

Perhaps the best way to sum up a story on the new training which the FTC is dishing out to our pilots, navigators, bombardiers and gunners is to quote a recent U. S. communique from England: "Heavy and medium bombers, with fighter escort, raided certain points in France yesterday, smashing warehouses, dock facilities and railroad yards with numerous direct hits. All our planes returned safely."

A lot of the airmen on that raid were training over the bondocs of Texas only a few weeks ago.



GI INVENTORS. Sgt. John Cable (left), Milwaukee, Wis., poses by section of "Scenic Trainer" he dreamed up for gunnery students at Harlingen Field, Tex. Models of enemy planes, set on steel rods, speed in and out of "peaks" and "clouds" while trainees pepper 'em with BB shots from flexible air machine guns. Cpl. Dick Sanders (right), ballistics expert of Denver, Colo., looks through sight of synthetic trainer he helped develop at Foster Field, Tex. Device consists of Link Trainer and fixed air machine gun. Cadet fighter pilots, firing from pitching cockpit at moving targets, learn lead and alignment.

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New TAX BILL

It Lets Servicemen Off Easy

By Cpl. RICHARD PAUL
YANK Washington Bureau

THE new pay-as-you-go tax law, signed by the President last month, does practically everything for men in the armed forces except serve them their breakfast in bed. In fact, it's so liberal that unless you made a big pile of dough with investments, dividends and the like in 1942, your tax problems—for the duration, at least—will be as scarce as Japs on the island of Attu.

In this new bill, the soldier's exemption for service pay is $1,500 as compared with $250 or $300 under the old law. This is in addition to the personal exemptions to which every one is entitled. Thus a single soldier gets a $2,000 exemption from taxes, a married soldier $2,700. And each child adds $350 more exemption.

A married soldier with a working wife may, however, want to apply the personal exemption to his wife's salary. Married people are entitled to $1,200 personal exemption between them, and they can split it up however they see fit. Take for example a sergeant in the U. S. who is pulling down $936 a year and has a wife who works. His $1,500 service-pay exclusion will keep him out of the tax brackets, so he can permit his wife to use the $1,200.

Remember, however, that this $1,500 exclusion covers only service pay. It doesn't apply to money you made outside the Army. You can't apply it to stock dividends, money from the old company that still keeps you on its pay roll or gambling profits. But you can apply it to such items as overseas pay, flight pay and so forth.

The next biggest feature of the new tax bill is that it puts taxpayers on a current basis. In other words, they pay taxes on their 1943 incomes in 1943, not in 1944 as would be the case under the old system. However, the withholding provisions, by which civilian taxes will be collected at the source, do not apply to service pay. The soldier will be unaffected by withholding unless he is still on a civilian pay roll.

In getting on this pay-as-you-go basis Congress had made provision for taking care of two years' taxes in one year. It provided that:

1. Civilian taxpayers pay during 1943 the full amount of the larger of the taxes for the years 1942 and 1943.

2. The Government cancel $50 or 75 percent (whichever is greater) of the smaller of the taxes of those two years.

3. The remaining 25 percent of the tax for the smaller year be spread over the next two years, with 12½ percent payable on Mar. 15, 1944, and the rest on Mar. 15, 1945.

For soldiers, however, there is special relief in a provision concerning earned income. Earned income means the first $3,000 of a man's income regardless of source and any above that amount received as compensation for services. Unearned income means any income other than compensation for services that is not included in the first $3,000. All service pay is earned income.

If a serviceman's 1942 tax exceeds his 1943 one, the earned-income provision in effect forgives 75 percent of the 1943 tax and as much of the 1942 tax as results from earned income. In a case where his Army pay was his only source of income during the whole year, this means that the whole year's tax is canceled. A couple of examples may make this a little clearer.

Take a soldier who had only earned income in 1942 and owed $100 tax on it, and, with the new high exemptions, doesn't owe any tax for 1943. His greater tax year was 1942, and he would pay that tax in 1943 if he were a civilian. But since the tax was based on earned income, as a soldier he is forgiven that tax, and also 75 percent of his 1943 tax, which is nothing. In short, he doesn't have to pay a cent of tax for either year.

Again, take the case of a soldier who had both earned income and income from investments in 1942. His 1942 tax, after eliminating his earned income, is $80. In 1943 his earned income is all service pay, and the tax on it is wiped out by the $1,500 exclusion, but he still owes a $75 tax on investment income. This year he must pay the 1942 tax of $80. He is forgiven 75 percent of his 1943 $75 tax, and pays the other 25 percent of that tax in 1944 and 1945. For his earned income he doesn't owe anything, being in the same position as the first soldier.

THERE'S an exception to this complicated business when a man's 1942 net earned income was over $14,000, but anyone who made that much money can afford to hire his own tax lawyer.

These forgiveness provisions are most important to men who entered the Army in 1942 or 1943, especially if they made a lot of money before they were inducted at $50 per. Without these provisions, a buck private's pay might not be enough to take care of all his tax on his civilian pay, but with them the chances are that the tax will be forgiven. They apply to anyone entering the service at any time in 1942 and 1943.

All this forgiving of taxes doesn't have anything to do with the Victory tax, which you still owe and still have to pay on Mar. 15, 1944, unless you are overseas. However with the new high exemptions you pay a 5-percent Victory tax only on income over $2,124—your $1,500 service pay exclusion plus the $624 Victory-tax exemption.

Not many GIs will have to file declarations or returns from now on. The act provided that everyone would have to pay both March and June installments this year under the old system. But the Bureau of Internal Revenue notified commanding generals of the service commands that servicemen whose March payment took care of their whole liability under the new law would not have to fork over a June installment, saving the headaches of a lot of refunds.

The only GIs with tax problems now are those who made piles of dough from investments in 1942.

Next Sept. 15 most civilians will have to file a declaration of estimated income. There are three classes of soldiers who must file the declaration also, but not many fall in those classes. If you filed a 1942 return and had a gross income subject to withholding greater than you expect in 1943, you file. Service pay, remember, isn't subject to withholding. Of if you filed a 1942 return or expect to file a 1943 one and had or expect to have more than $100 investment income in 1942 or 1943, then too you must hand in the declaration. Finally, you must file if you made in 1942 or expect to make in 1943 more than $2,700 if single or $3,500 if married (including your wife's income). Otherwise, forget it.

In the declaration you figure what you think you will make for this year. If you owe any tax on it that you haven't already paid in the first two quarterly installments, you pay the remainder in Sept. 15 and Dec. 15 of this year.

One wrinkle of the new tax bill has escaped much comment. It is the provision for abatement of servicemen's taxes in case of death. Anyone in any of the services who dies while on active service will have all his unpaid taxes canceled. This applies to anyone who died after Dec. 7, 1941, and will be in effect until the end of the war. The cause of the death doesn't make any difference. If your estate paid the taxes by mistake, the money will be refunded. And it doesn't matter how long you have owed them or how big they are. If you want to get out of any taxes, just get in the way of a Mark VI. Or just spend a few days trying to figure out the new tax act.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL 2 NO 3
JULY 9, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

Discipline

SOME leaders in the battle sectors have honestly wondered what happened to their outfits when things went badly wrong. Perhaps a subordinate decided, under tough conditions, to go ahead and use lights on vehicles during a night movement despite standing orders to the contrary. Perhaps another did not see to it that foxholes were dug. Or some other death-causing relaxation of discipline was the cause of the outfit's getting badly smeared.

There is only one answer. . . . Every experience . . . goes to show that an outfit in which essential discipline is relaxed on the battlefield is an outfit that is pretty certain to cave in or go snafu when the test comes. Not until the battle itself is reached does the high value of even the minor aspects of discipline prove itself. Carelessness in dress—any of a dozen minor offenses, and some bigger ones, too—when you let these appear, when you stand for them, justifying them on grounds that you are getting close to battle and that there is no need to insist on ordinary discipline, you are simply training . . . to neglect and forget the attitude of response that makes for success the moment your outfit does get into a real fight.

As you train, you have your chance to build the discipline that will make your unit a fine fighting outfit when it comes to battle. But you have got to carry that discipline right on through into the fight. On through the first battle to the next. And through that one to the next. And right on to the end.

—*Infantry Journal*, June 1943

"Your orders are to sink the American Navy again."

STRICTLY G.I.

Chow for Yank Prisoners

AMERICAN soldiers held prisoner by the Germans and Italians are being supplied with weekly packages of food by the American Red Cross through the International Red Cross in Switzerland. These packages, which supplement the meager prison-camp rations, contain corned beef and pork, prunes, cheese, liver paste, biscuits, chocolate, milk powder, concentrated orange juice, powdered coffee, sugar, oleomargarine, canned salmon and several packs of cigarettes. Through the same channels the QMC supplies the prisoners with all items of clothing, tooth powder and brushes, razors and razor blades, shaving creams and soap. Prisoners are also entitled to receive a package from their next of kin every 60 days. The WD is negotiating with Japan to allow similar treatment for American soldiers held by the Japs, but so far arrangements have not been completed.

New Army Clothing

The QMC has started to issue cotton clothing to Arctic troops and knitted shirts to guys in the jungle. It has discovered that the most comfortable clothes for sub-zero weather are alternate suits of wool and cotton topped with an outer garment of wind- and water-repelling material, such as a fine-woven poplin. Hoboes use the same principle in wrapping newspapers under their coats as insulation against the cold.

The knitted shirt for tropical climates is like a pull-over sweater and has a high collar and long sleeves. The shirt comes in handy on cold nights in the jungle.

The QMC also has a new three-fingered mitten for cold weather, with the trigger finger made of deerskin.

Legion of Merit

The WD has simplified regulations governing the award of the Legion of Merit decoration, which is given to soldiers for services not on the field of battle. There will no longer be four degrees of the decoration except in its award to members of the armed forces of friendly foreign nations. "It is particularly desired," the circular says, "that recognition shall be given to personnel in the enlisted and lower commissioned grades." The changes do not affect previous awards of the Legion of Merit.

$64 Question

A corporal muffed the $64 question on a radio program because he didn't know the names of the bosses of the three main branches of the Army. In case this information ever stands between you and 64 bucks, here's the answer: Army Air Forces: Gen. Henry H. Arnold; Army Service Forces: Lt. Gen. Brehon Somervell; Army Ground Forces: Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair.

Counting Destroyed Enemy Planes

The WD has disclosed the official method of counting enemy planes destroyed by the AAF. An enemy plane is counted lost if it is seen descending completely enveloped in flames; if it is seen to disintegrate in the air, or its complete wing or tail is seen to be shot away from the fuselage; or if it is a single-seater and the pilot is seen to bail out. It's easier to count Jap planes destroyed than those of the Axis because when a Zero gets hit once it's a goner. AAF in China has chalked up a record of 10 to 1 in air combat since 1942 and in Europe, a record of 6 to 1.

Jewelry in Hawaii

Sgt. F. S. Miller writes in from Hawaii that the latest jewelry gadget there is a gold lapel pin for the soldier's girl. The pin has the letters "USA," with the guy's rank insignia, from a pfc. stripe to a general's star, suspended by delicate chains from the initials.

Washington O.P.

BRIG. Gen. LaVerne G. Saunders, deputy chief of air staff, says that U. S. air losses in the knock-out blows on Pantelleria were one-half of 1 percent of the planes engaged. . . . In case you're asked, there are now about 5,600 dogs on active duty in the Army and 3,500 more in training.

Fashion Dept.: The WAAC cap is the only authorized headgear to be worn with the uniform away from the post. Garrison caps can be authorized under local conditions for wear on the post only. . . . Hereafter, the chief of chaplains will okay sketches of designs before GI artists go to work on wall murals in chapels. . . . Washington double-talk: "It is recommended that this soldier be instructed on how to ask his question through proper military channels" for "What in hell is the situation out in the field now?"

ASTP, hedging on OCS chances for graduates, states "the number of soldiers actually appointed to OCS will always depend upon the openings at any given time. Inasmuch as the number of openings has recently been sharply reduced, this statement has been prepared. . . . to avoid any semblance of misstatement of fact." That brings ASTP's booklet and YANK's recent story up to date. Another ASTP change: All privates in advanced phases will get pfc. ratings. . . . We look for a rush of new bills affecting servicemen to appear in Congress shortly, or after the summer recess. And prohibition isn't dead.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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This Week's Cover

The stirring photograph of Old Glory was made as it flew over an American air base in North Africa. It was from such desert airfields that thousands of U. S. planes launched the air attacks that did so much to drive the Axis from Africa.

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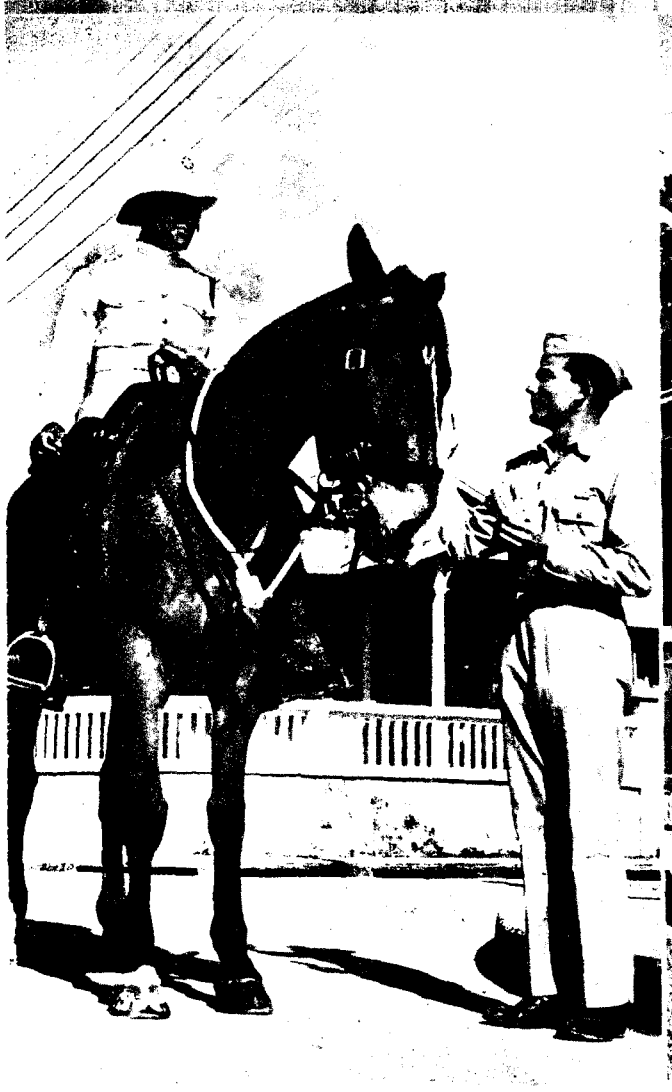
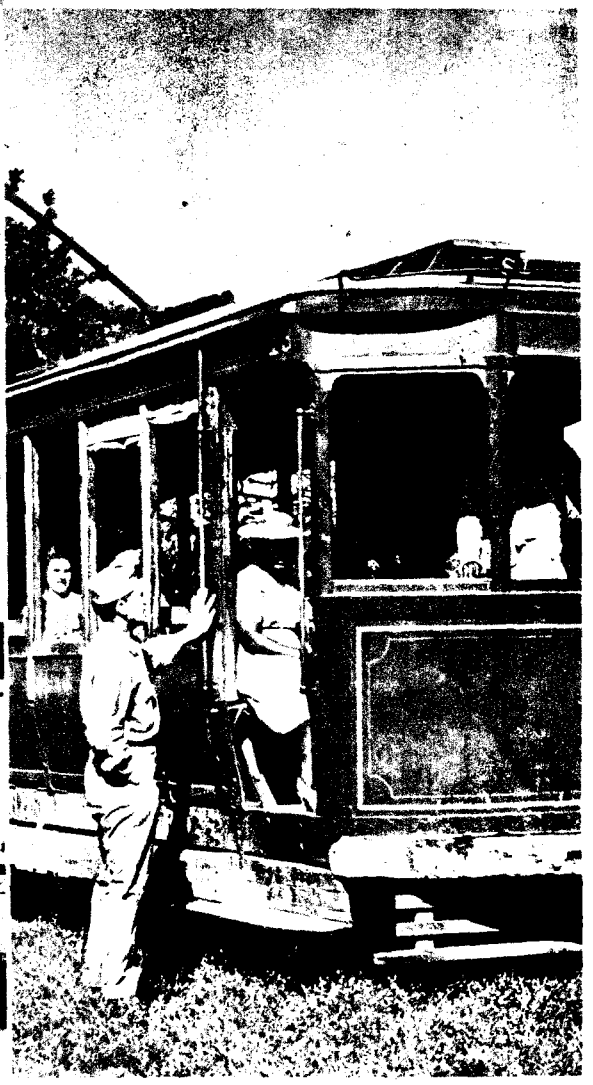
Pfc. Jack Weber, Altoona, Pa.; George F. Gay F2c, Kittery, Maine, and British Sailor John Winstanley on pass in Port-of-Spain.



Pvt. James Miller of Covington, Ky., asks directions from Oswald Messiah, a native British mounted constable in Trinidad.



Pfc. Leo Riopelle of Lowell, Mass., boards Trinidad streetcar on the green of picturesque Queens Park, Port-of-Spain.

Native soldiers in U. S. Army Puerto Rican u like Pfc. Braulio Santiago Torrez, machine gun shown above, get overseas pay even though t

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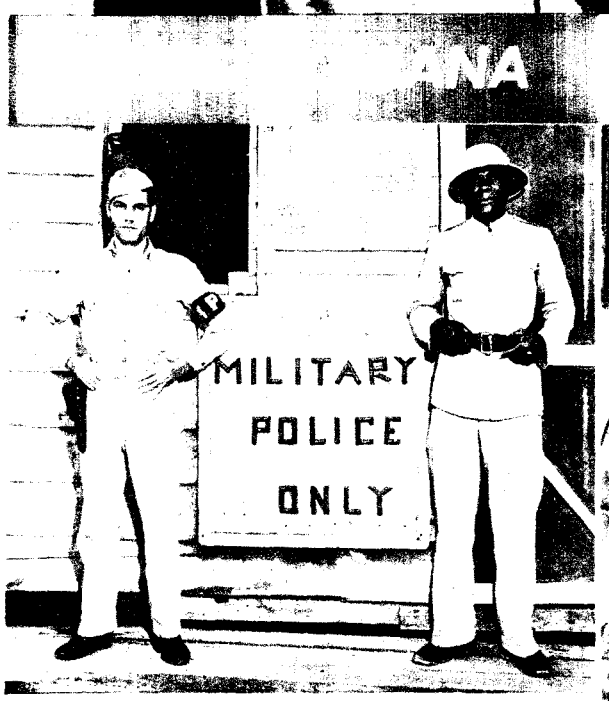
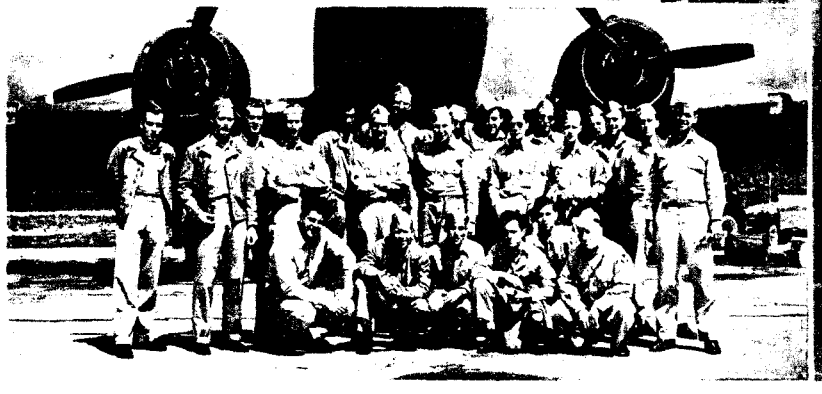
Cpl. Arcadio Rivera Flacha strings telephone wires from a palm tree during a field problem with his native Infantry company at Camp Tortuguero.

A GI in the Air Transport Command stationed at Atkinson Field hangs up washing with the help of his monkey friend.

are stationed near home. If they are sent back to the States for foreign duty at Fort Benning, Ga., they lose that extra money. Don't ask us why.



An American military policeman on duty at a gate to Atkinson Field shares his post with a native constabulary guard.



This Air Force musical comedy troupe flew from Waller Field, Trinidad, to entertain so diers in British Guiana at their jungle base. At the right, two of the stars in the (show, Pvt. Phil Ducat of New York, N. Y.. and Sgt. Wayne Freitag of Wauwatosa, Wi

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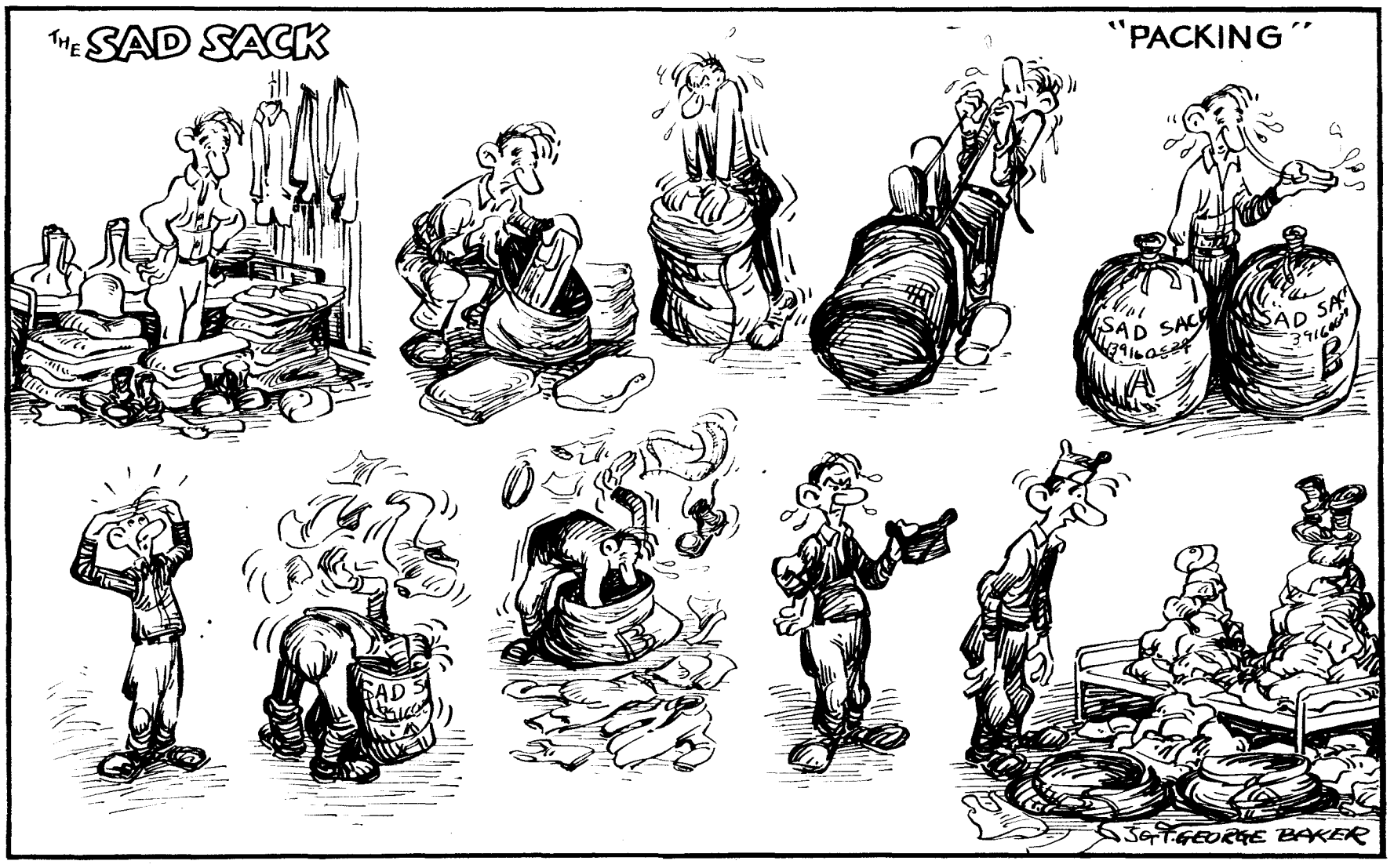

ARTIE ON THE MOUND

THEY were playing baseball in the field down behind the Motor Pool and they had us in there as umpire. At least, Artie Greengroin had us in there as umpire. He was pitching for the KPs, against the latrine orderlies, and he had raised such a howl that they had stuck us in behind the pitcher's box. Artie trusts us, we think.

Artie, let it be said here and now, is no pitcher. He is strictly no hit, no field, no nothing, but he is a great man on the dialog, after the school of Leo Durocher, and is very handy along those lines. He was being very handy along those lines in the third inning of the game between the KPs and the latrine orderlies. The score was 26-0 in favor of the LOs.

"Awright," Artie said. "Awright. This is the time I get them." He pegged the apple to first base and the first baseman missed by two feet. The game was held up while he retrieved the ball.

"For gaw's sake," Artie said, "what kine of a team have I got behine me? Grover Cleveland Alexander would of crumbled behine a team like this."

"You got a arm like a ole woman," the first baseman said as he returned to his sack.

"You got a eye like a bline beggar," Artie retorted.

"Play ball," we said.

"With this herd of Arabs?" Artie said. "If the American Army fights wars like these toikeys play baseball, the Goiman Army is as good as in Niagara Falls right now."

"Trun me that ball at me bat," the batter roared.

"I'll trun it down yer t'roat," Artie said.

Artie wound up, giving his throwing arm a set of complicated and rather ingenious twirls. Then he heaved one down the groove. The batter, a little man, proceeded to knock it into Northumberland. He trotted casually around the bases while the latrine orderlies laughed themselves silly around the plate.

The KPs' first baseman strolled over to the pitcher's box. "Look old boy," he said. 'I think you played a great game so far. But yer best days is pass. Why don't you take up coaching behine thoid base for instance?"

"Beat it," Artie said. "Get back to your vocation."' He turned to us. "Thass awways the way it is," he said. "The minute a guy runs up against a little adversity the pack is on his heels. Now, if I was winning they'd be talking out of the other side of their face. 'Nice game, Artie,' they'd say. 'They's nobody like our boy Greengroin to boin 'em down the ole alley. Greengroin's the bess pitcher in the ETO.' Thass the way they'd talk if I was in me regular good form. But now look at the ole bassars. Awways on me neck, awways trying to cut me t'roat. Humane nature is a grim and terrible thing."

"So are you, Artie," we said. "So are you."

The next batter was Artie's nemesis, the little man we had run into several times before, the guy to whom Artie has owed four quid for almost as long as the Bank of England has been making them.

"Awright, ya rummy," the little man said. "Feed me a homer. Jess slip me a home run. It ain't every day I gets the chancet to face the woist pitcher in the country."

Artie's jaw set. He wound up and let go. It was high and outside—very high and very outside.

"Ball," we said.

"Bline man," Artie hissed.

"Wass the matter?" the little man wanted to know, "are you afraid of me? Greengroin, you ole bassar, I'm going ter drive this right down yer windpipe. This is going to be four quid's worth of batting average."

Artie swallowed. "A placement hitter," he said half-aloud. "The troubles I got on me head shouldn't happen to a top kick." He sent another one down the groove. Low and inside.

"Ball," we said.

"Ah, for gaw sakes," Artie said. He let another one go. The little man took a healthy cut at it and missed it by a margin of something like two feet.

"Oooooooo," the little man said. "A Lefty Gomez. A Hubbell. Greengroin the speed merchant. OK. The next one I knock down yer windpipe."

The next one went behind him and to the left.

"Ball," we said. "Three and one."

Artie turned to us. "What would you do, ole boy?" he asked. "Would you give him the incoive or the outshoot?"

"Mix 'em up," we said.

ARTIE let it go. For once he really had some speed on it. The little man never saw it go by him. Neither did we. We said "Strike" on principle.

"Thass more like it," Artie said. "Thass more like the ole Greengroin. Thass the way I used to be before I took to soft living and fancy dress."

The little man seemed puzzled. He looked first at Artie and then at the catcher. It was quite an impressive moment. Even Artie's first baseman was impressed. "Come on, Artie, ole boy," he said. "Give him the end-all. Make him walk away."

Artie began the old elaborate wind-up, three times around. Then he threw. The little man tensed himself, swung and missed as clean as a whistle. "You're out!" we said.

The little man threw his bat in the general direction of first base. "The only trouble with this game," he said, "is that he is a crook. He's a scab. He's a company spy. We don't need no empire in this game."

Artie's meager chest was swelling perceptibly. He was taking a new lease on life, a new lease on the game. "You know," he said to us while the infield was pegging the ball around, "I think I got a future in baseball. The Dodgers could use a man like me, a man that's awways poised and calm and cerlected. When I get back to the States I think I'll have a little talk with Branch Rickey and maybe we can come to some kine of toims. I'd be a good influence on baseball."

"You certainly would," we said.

And the game went on. Final score: latrine orderlies 53; KPs 7. Artie hit a homer, too. A great kid, Artie. A definite prospect.

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TRADING POST

"I am compiling an anthology of **real soldiers' songs**—not the kind you sing in the parlor. Send words and music or words only. If original, author gets credit. Don't bother to have OKed by the chaplain."—*Sgt. Emanuel Weiner, 13080857, APO 4181, PM, Seattle, Wash.* . . . The following want to **swap shoulder patches and insignia:** *Cpl. John Risio, Serv. Co., 349th Inf., Camp Gruber, Okla.; Lt. Betty Stinson, 1326 SU, Sta. Hosp., Camp Lee, Va.; Sgt. Jack E. Merrill, Hq., USMA, West Point, N. Y.* . . . **Stamp collectors:** "I will send first-day covers of new U. S. stamps to men overseas if they will write to me by V-Mail. I am building a specialized collection of V-Mail letters."—*John D. Stanard, 734 N. Broadway, Dayton, Ohio.* . . . **Supply Sergeants:** Two filled olive-colored barracks bags marked 203C—Erhard Schwarzberg, 3271009—A (B) have been lost. Please send them to *Pvt. Erhard Schwarzberg, Btry. G, 13th CA, Fort Pickens, Fla.* . . . **"Novelty 'Gold Bricks'** for sale, to be used as paperweights, book ends, wall decoration, etc. Illustrated with a gold brick in action, with name of soldier and camp lettered underneath. $1.50 each or three for $3."—*Pvt. H. E. Carey, Med. Det., 133 Engr. (C) Bn., NWS Post Office Co. A, Fort Lewis, Wash.*

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Beck Doty Manunes

Hamer & Harmon Konzel Macy

Master T/Sgt. Edward A. Beck, USMC, New Hebrides, sends word to his friend, Cpl. Ted Wilson, who left Beck's post four months ago to attend OCS in the States: "When you're in New York, look up Margie. But take it easy; I'm the guy who married her." . . . **Cpl. Ralph R. Doty,** of Hempstead, L. I., just back from Puerto Rico tells his pal, Pfc. William Parker, at Morrison Field, Fla., that he was home on a 20-day furlough and is now stationed at Camp Shelby, Miss. . . . **Sgt. P. Manunes,** Blythe, Calif., sends this to Pfc. Frankie Korowitz, S. Pacific: "Show the gals in Tokyo the Lindy Hop—I'll be over soon."

Lt. Joseph E. Hamer (right) wants Pvt. Erwin A. Harmon (left) to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.* Hamer says he owes Harmon $10 and the interest is piling up. . . . **Steve N. Konzel S2c,** stationed at San Juan, Puerto Rico, tells Pvt. Tony Grudo it's very important he get in touch with him or write Mrs. J. Abramczyk, 1345 Lynn St., Erie, Pa. . . . **M/Sgt. Victor M. Macy,** just returned from a N. Atlantic base to attend OCS in the States, tells 1st Sgt. Erickson and M/Sgt. Bassett: "I hoisted one for every man in the company, but couldn't take care of the battalion. Only had 10 days' furlough."

MESSAGE CENTER

The censor won't let us print the full address of individual men overseas. All the messages this week come from men overseas, so if you want to get in touch with a friend mentioned here, address your letter to him c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward it.

If anyone knows where **Pfc. Wilfred Lucier,** overseas in the Field Artillery, is stationed, will he write to **Pfc. H. T. Collins** c/o YANK's *Message Center?* . . . **Cpl. John D. Skelly** wants to hear from **Cpl. William T. Erskine,** overseas in the Engineers. . . . **Pvt. S. Freemarchi** wants news from **2d Lt. Joe Gromko,** somewhere in the States, and **Pvt. John Steele,** somewhere in Hawaii. . . . **Pvt. Ed. Rendell** wants letters from **Pvt. James Picaso, Pvt. Robert Parra** and **Pvt. Joe Romero.** . . . **Sgt. Richard Gibbons** wants the address of **Sgt. Donald Merchant,** who was in Btry. Co. 338th FA in Oklahoma. . . . Will **M/Sgt. George P. Thorne,** N. W. Africa, write to **Pfc. Murray C. Thorne?** . . . **T/Sgt. C. J. Monacell** wants **Lt. William E. Shea** to know his letters, in reply to those received in June and July, were returned. Shea should write to Monacell c/o YANK's *Message Center.* . . . **Sgt. Jack Wagner** wants mail from **Burnell Hynum,** somewhere in the Navy. . . . **Pfc. Lennette Comeaux** has lost track of **Pfc. H. J. Gremillion.** . . . **Pvt. Stanley R. Monroe,** an infantryman in the S. Pacific, should write to **Pvt. Robert A. Ryan.** . . . **Sgt. Jack Y. Greenberg** wants a few words from **Harry Roth,** formerly of Detroit, Mich. . . . **Pvt. Harry Deutsch** wants to hear from two friends with the Engineers in N. Africa: **Kenneth Breidinger** and **John Bicking.** . . . **Cpl. Louis E. Todaro** wants news from his brother in the Navy, **Joe Todaro SK2c,** and **Pvt. Timothy C. Shannon,** once at Fort Meade, Md. . . . **Pvt. Veno Savell** wants his three brothers, **James, Daniel** and **William Savell,** to know he's been fighting in New Guinea and won the Silver Star. He's in the hospital in Australia now and wants them to write. . . . **Cpl. Leroy Miller** wants to hear from **J. D. Tiner,** who was stationed at Camp Edwards, Mass. . . . **Pvt. William Warren** wants news from **Pvt. William Omer** in Hawaii. . . . **Pvt. Franklin W. Thompkins** wants mail from **Gordon** and **Freeman Thompkins** in the Navy, somewhere in the S. Pacific. . . . **Sgt. Carmen J. Volino** has news for **Wally Slayton,** Australia, if he will write. . . . **Sgt. Joe Davis** wants mail from **Johnny Harrison,** with whom he enlisted at Pensacola, Fla., June 1923. . . . It's urgent that **Frank Toth** of Brooklyn, N. Y., get in touch with **Cpl. Nick Klem.** . . . Will **S/Sgt. Irwin P. Sharpe** and **Sgt. Julie Karson** get in touch with **Sgt. Harold Tunick?** . . . **Lt. Thomas A. Herring** wants his old friends, and especially **Sgt. E. A. Valentine,** Sig. Corps, and **Sgt. Clarence Callahan,** Paratroops, to write him. . . . **Cpl. James L. Durham,** somewhere in New Guinea, wants his friends in the armed forces from St. Louis, Mo., to write him. . . . **Sgt. Douglas McLeod** wants to get in touch with **Ronald Wandling,** who took a gunner's course at Fort Monroe, Va., in December 1941. . . . **Pfc. John (High Pockets) Fitzhugh** has some important news for **Cpl. Grandville E. Sturm,** a marine in the S. Pacific. . . . **Pvt. Clarence Stevenson** wants to hear from his St. Louis, Mo., friends now in the service. . . . **Pvt. Andy Folio,** India, wants news from **Pvts. Leslie Tabits** and **Joseph M. Bibbio,** who were both stationed at Drew Field, Fla. . . . **Sgt. Wilbur E. Walls** would like to hear from his brother, **Pvt. Leon L. Walls,** at Fort Clark, Tex., and his friends of St. Louis, Mo. . . . **Cpl. Ralph Reedy** wants to hear from his cousin, **Roland Simpkins.** . . . **Pvt. Mike (Tiny) Koban** of Aliquippa, Pa., wants to get in touch with his sister **Pearl,** a Navy nurse. . . . **Pfc. Gerald E. Dietzman** wants to hear from **Pvt. Alvin E. Schultz** of Milwaukee, Wis., who was stationed at Tyler, Tex., when last heard from. . . . **Lt. Byron S. Block** wants to make contact with his brother-in-law, **Maj. Joseph Bitman.** . . . Will **Clarence S. Dawson,** who was in a medical detachment at Camp Roberts, Calif., write to **Pvt. Daniel W. Webb?** . . . Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of **William Camp** get in touch with **Pfc. Francis J. Maguire.** . . . **Pfc. Lester Gates** has a message for **Sgt. Robert Kragh,** stationed in N. Africa. . . . **M/Sgt. Charles W. Caprano** is anxious to get in touch with **S/Sgt. Charles Snyder.** . . . **Sgt. Richard M. Griswold** would like to hear from someone who knows the address of **S/Sgt. Paul Gallippio,** who was at the Salt Lake City Air Base.

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

Company Street [in a June issue of YANK] carried a yarn about Pvt. Marvin Rubin of Fort Slocum, N. Y., spending 11 hours telephoning from New Rochelle to Brooklyn in order to get his girl to agree to a wedding date. You mention he was armed with plenty of nickels. Brother, he had to have plenty, because it costs considerably more than a nickel to call Brooklyn from New Rochelle. As a matter of fact it's a 15-cent call, so if he made 140 calls as you stated it cost him $21. To me the item smells fishy. If brother Rubin had the time to spend 11 hours in a phone booth, why didn't he get a pass and go to Brooklyn. It's only an hour on the subway.

—**Pvt. F. E. KENNY**

Lockbourne Army Air Base, Ohio

■ Maybe he was afraid he'd be bounced down the steps by her old man.

Dear YANK:

Here is evidence that irritating things are not always lousy *(see photo below).*

—**Pfc. BERNARD AUSTEIN**

Gulfport Field, Miss.

Dear YANK:

In a June issue of YANK there was a picture of a staff sergeant firing a machine gun at Harlingen (Tex.) Gunnery School range. The caption refers to the machine gun as a 50-mm. but I think you'll find it's a caliber .50 machine gun. Tish. Tish.

—**Pvt. BILL SALT**

Miami Beach, Fla.

■ To Bill Salt and others: Sorry we slipped up, but you made an error, too. The gun is a caliber .30. *Tsk. Tsk.* . . .

Dear YANK:

I have a request to make. Your story [in a May issue of YANK] called "How to live on a Desert Island" has me thinking. How about printing an article called "How to Live in Elizabeth County, Va."? That's where I'm stationed and if something isn't done soon, Congress will have to pass a bill giving all men down here an additional 20 percent for foreign service.

—**Sgt. IRVING E. KAUFFMAN**

Fort Monroe, Va.

Dear YANK:

Would it be possible for Sgt. George Baker to promote poor old Sad Sack to Pfc.? He's not the most brilliant soldier we've seen but he tries to the best of his ability.

—**Sad Sack for Pfc. Committee***

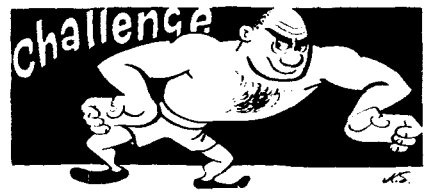
Camp Swift, Tex.

*Committee: 1st Sgt. Elmer S. Bodi, S/Sgts. William H. Pantoplas, Jack C. Lunnen, Wilfred Farley and Sgt. Merle L. Derby.

■ Ratings are pretty damn scarce around here.

Dear YANK:

I offer this challenge to any member of the armed forces: Eddie Shaboo CM1c, former US Navy's welter wrestling champion during World War I and at present the Seabee's proud Judo instructor at Camp Peary, Williams-



burg, Va., challenges any wrestler at 148 pounds for a $1,000 side bet. My address is: Area A. Bks. 104, Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Va.

—**EDDIE SHABOO CM1c**

Camp Peary, Va.

Dear YANK:

Your sports editor proposed [in a June issue of YANK] the formation of an all-Army baseball squad, composed of teams picked from the Air Forces and the Ground Forces and operating like the East and West football teams last fall. I hope this deal goes through, because we'd like to propose a trainer for the Air Force team. How about Pvt. Joe Doller, who in our estimation is the only big-time trainer in the AAF? He was trainer for the Chicago Bears football team and assisted the trainer for the Chicago Cubs baseball club last season. At present he's an aviation cadet here.

—**Sgt. RAY REITER**

Fresno, Calif. **and the Men at BTC No. 8**

Dear YANK:

I want to thank you for having your anniversary issue on June 25, 1943, because that is the date of my birthday. It was also Gen. Henry H. Arnold's birthday and Lord Louis Mountbatten's, chief of the Commandos.

—**Pfc. GEORGE LEO RESH**

Lowry Field, Colo.

Dear YANK:

In *Company Street* [in a May issue of YANK] Pfc. Victor Sali of Camp White, Oreg., said his engineering unit built a ponton bridge, 369 feet long, in one hour and 27 minutes. He claims this is a record for ponton-bridge building! You weren't taken in by this, were you? Because a year ago my regiment, the 11th Engineering Battalion, put up a light ponton bridge, 1,080 feet long, in 1 hour and 35 minutes. I don't think that record has been beaten.

—**Pvt. CHARLES STRICKER**

Panama Canal

Dear YANK:

I can tell you the origin of the Kee Bird yarn which appeared in *Poets Cornered* [in a May issue of YANK]. My brother, Lt. Col. Dick Kight, was Wendell Willkie's pilot on his round-the-world hop. When they were flying over Siberia, the heating unit in the Gulliver went out and Mr. Willkie was standing in the aisle slapping himself trying to keep warm. M/Sgt. James Cooper, a member of the crew, told Mr. Willkie he looked and sounded like the Kee Bird who sits on the North Pole slapping himself with his wings, crying "Kee-Kee-Keerist, but it's cold." However, there is bad news for the GIs who are writing more Kee Bird poems for you. An unidentified aircraft was spotted by crack-pot (pardon, crack-shot) antiaircraft Joes off the West Coast. They cut loose, and bingo, no more Kee Bird. I hope your poets will let him die in peace.

—**Pfc. EUGENE R. KIGHT**

Frederick, Okla.

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YANK
Pin-up Girl

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COAST TO COAST. Carol Bruce, star of Broadway musicals, will head the cast of "Show Boat," which opens the summer-theater season in Louisville, Ky. . . . Roger Touhy, whose escape inspired the picture, will be among the 1,000 inmates of Stateville Prison near Joliet, Ill., who will see "Roger Touhy, Last of the Gangsters" in the prison recreation hall the same night the film is premiered in Chicago. . . . The OPA stopped station KGO in San Francisco from bartering coffee, sugar and other rationed items on its "What's Doin', Ladies?" program on the ground that it constituted a black market. . . . The Yacht Club, Pittsburgh's floating night club, now on the bottom of the Monongahela River, will not be raised, but will be salvaged piece by piece. The Heller Brothers, owners, are said to have lost $25,000 when it sank. . . . Keeping track of the bands: Abe Lyman is on tour in the direction of the West Coast after a long stay at New York's Hotel Lincoln, Griff Williams is featured at the Palmer House in Chicago, Ted Lewis is playing the Biltmore in Los Angeles, and Joe Reichman and his boys are at San Francisco's Mark Hopkins. . . . Mickey Alpert, who was leading the band last November when the fire broke out in Boston's Cocoanut Grove which took almost 500 lives, is to reorganize his band after he recovers from a bad case of jitters brought on by his experiences that night.

Carol Bruce

HOLLYWOOD. Katharine Hepburn's next picture will be "Without Love," from the Philip Barry play in which the Theater Guild starred her in New York. . . . Laird Cregar, who took off 52 pounds after he decided he was getting too fat, has been given the disturbing news that his next role will be that of a character even heftier than himself — Hermann Goering in "Ambassador Dodd's Diary." . . . John Garfield will play Barney Ross in a film depicting the former welterweight champion's heroic adventures on Guadalcanal. . . . "Ready, Willing and 4-F" is the title of a picture that will star Eddie Bracken, William Bendix and Gil Lamb. . . . Mickey Rooney, 4-F with his draft board, plans a tour of overseas Army camps this summer. . . . Lois Andrews is the only Hollywood starlet whose father is young enough to make application for OCS. He is Sgt. George Gourley of the AAF and is 40 years old. . . . The Hardy Family is celebrating its sixth year on the screen. In that time, 13 pictures have been made showing the affairs of Andy and his folks. . . . Woody Herman, the orchestra leader, is trying to sell 20th Century-Fox the idea of having Sonja Henie sing in her next picture. Sonja sang with Herman's band and he is convinced she has possibilities. . . . Anita Louise returns to the screen in Columbia's "Nine Girls" after an absence of two years. . . . Una O'Connor was born in Hollywood, Ireland, believe it or not; it's a suburb of Belfast.

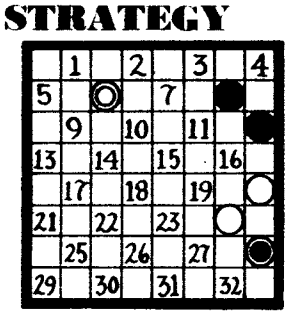
Katharine Hepburn

CHECKER STRATEGY

CAN you see the danger White faces? If he advances 24 to 19, then Black moves 8 to 11, and the White piece on 19 faces annihilation.

The problem is to work out a strategy of moves for White that would insure a draw against Black's strongest attack. Look 'em over carefully.

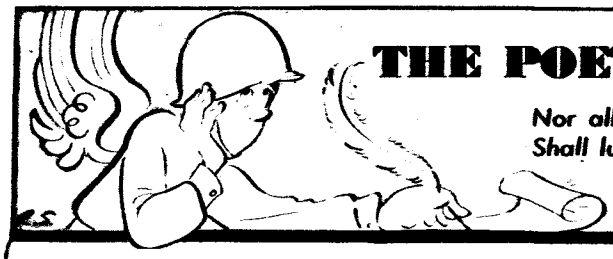
Before checking your analysis with the solution on page 22, number your board from 1 to 32 as shown.



WHITE TO MOVE AND DRAW

Grace McDonald

The cornsilk blond across the way is an actress who can fit her mood to the moment. Or her clothes to the season. What could be more comfortable during a July in the U. S. A. than the clothes she is not wearing? Grace's latest movie for Universal is "Girls, Inc."



THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Pfc. Omar K., 1st Pyramidal Tent Co

THE DAUNTLESS

Though some must fight the war with ships
And some with cannon's boom.
They also serve who only sit
In an orderly room.

Yes, some we say must fight with guns
Or teach weather classes,
But who dares say that he fights not
Who types week-end passes?

Firm and entrenched behind a desk.
There does he take his stand,
Stern defiance on his face and
A pencil in his hand.

And while o'er all the global map
The nations sway and sink,
There he will fight the murderous Jap
To his last drop of ink!

—S/Sgt. WILLIAM KRASNER
Grand Rapids Training Center, Mich.

A COUPLET

If you want to get skinny
Go to New Guinea.

—Sgt. CHARLES D. PEARSON
New Guinea

ANOTHER COUPLET

In my present mood
I'd prefer you nood.

—Pfc. NORMAN RUBINSTEIN
Olmstead Field, Pa.

AND ANOTHER

Soldiers shun lasses
Allergic to passes.

—Pvt. LOUIS FISHER
Camp Crowder, Mo.

QUERY

Should the Nazis make use
Of electrical juice
To power their blitzkrieg advancers,
Could we possibly say,
As they roll on their way,
That the Nazis have amps in their panzers?

—Pvt. JOHN W. SULLIVAN
Beloit College, Wis.

TROOP MOVEMENT

These are the young, the purebred, the highly priced,
Traveling in Pullmans, watching the states roll by:
The thin, red farm lands of Georgia, the turkey buzzards
Wheeling circles against the blue Virginia sky.

Tractor and mule teams crossing the late afternoon,
Women from dusty porches waving good-byes,
Improvised peace and home and family are posed
In neat and familiar patterns before their eyes.

Green shaded swaying evening; poker and craps
Continue, the train turns westward, and singing starts.
The air grows colder, gradually night begins
And quietly tightens around them and in their hearts.

—Pfc. JOHN D. PRESTON
England

20/20

This soldier's eyesight worried me
It seemed so very poor;
Now here's the story why it did
But doesn't any more:

This yardbird on the rifle range
Would aim and concentrate,
And hit the bull on Target 6
While shooting Target 8.

He could not see an officer
When walking down the street,
Although the distance'd be no more
Than 10 or 20 feet.

In town today I saw him run,
His face was creased with smiles.
I followed him as best I could;
He ran a couple miles.

I couldn't see a thing, but he
Could see her very plain;
For up the street a mile or two
There walked a lovely jane.

—Sgt. JOHN READEY
New Guinea

COMPANY STREET

MUSIC. Cpl. Salvatore Ficcitto, vocalist and guitar player, and Cpl. Don Layton, bull-fiddle player, belong to an ack-ack crew in **Tunisia** that has its own orchestra, even on the front lines. Between concerts the orchestra knocks down Nazi Focke-Wulfs. . . . The Four Commanders, a vocal quartette of Ordnance GIs in **Tunisia**, entertained President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill at Casablanca. From left to right [*photo above*]: Sgt. Grady Porter, leader; Cpl. Amos Lundy, tenor; S/Sgt. Booker Harris, baritone, and S/Sgt. Paul Favors, bass. . . . Prettiest umpah player in the Army is T/4 Luanne Spurgeon, who toots a baritone in the WAAC Orchestra at **Fort Des Moines**, Iowa. . . . The most popular GI bugler in **England** is Pfc. Tommy Zylman, formerly a trumpeter on Tommy Tucker's band. Zylman gets the guys out of bed with swing renditions of first call and reveille. . . . On the way to raid over **Antwerp**, the crew of a Flying Fortress asked Brig. Gen. Heywood S. Hansell, who was a guest on the ship, to sing them a song. He sang "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." "They didn't think a hell of a lot of my singing," said Gen. Hansell.

RECORDS. Waac Rita Smith broke popularity records at **Fort Knox**, Ky. In one week she was asked for dates 26 times, was whistled at 389 times, danced with 89 times, and was stood up 0 times. . . . The 67th class at the **Fort Benning** (Ga.) parachute school broke Benning records when not a single man dropped out during the one-month training period. . . . Pvt. George Harris, **Fort Leonard Wood**, Mo., claims to be the smallest GI in the Army. He's 4 feet 11 inches. Don't ask us how he got in the Army. . . . At **Fort Leavenworth**, Kans., Pvt. Chas. D. Masten made a perfect mark of 160 for his AGC test, highest ever made there. . . . Pvt. Richard Zaterski got the longest letter ever received at **Camp Edwards**, Mass. It was 87 feet, 2 inches long. His girl wrote the letter. . . . Two sailors attached to the **Third Naval District** were bragging that each one was assigned to the biggest ship in the Navy. "My ship," said the first sailor, "is so big that our captain has to go around the deck in a racing car." "That's nothing," said the second sailor. "My ship is so big that down in its galley the cook has to go through the Irish stew in a submarine to see if the potatoes are cooked."

Letter Division

THIS jumble of words and letters is actually a problem in long division. A letter has been substituted for each digit. Can you restore the problem to its original numerical state?

This is a lot easier than it may look. A little examination and you'll be spotting clues. For example: Since T times NO equals NO, then T must equal 1.

Fill that in now, and try to solve for the other numbers.

(Solution on Page 22)

```
        T U N E
N O | V E R S E
      N O
      -------
        I R
        O V
      -------
        T U S
        T T T
      -------
          T I E
          T I E
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HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

BEAVER DAM, Wis.

Continuing YANK's reports on wartime changes in U.S. communities. Watch for your town. It may appear here soon.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

BEAVER DAM, WIS.—This is a perfectly normal town with a main street, an Elks Club, taverns, a war plant, roadhouses and a cheese factory.

It differs from the average, however, in several minor respects, typical of which are the following: (a) At the age of 6, little boys have shotguns placed in their hands and are sent out to hunt ducks in the wild Horicon Marsh, (b) citizens of 70 take pleasure in ice skating and fishing on Beaver Dam Lake, and (c) the rabbits, possum and deer of the neighborhood are so bold they come right up into the back yard.

In other words, Beaver Dam is a community made up principally of rugged German, Polish and Irish stock, schooled to absorb the hard blows of man and Nature. When a tribe of skunks invaded the cellar of St. Mark's Lutheran Church a few years ago, Bill Field, the conservation warden, calmly proceeded to trap them while his wife sang "Nearer My God to Thee" to the congregation upstairs.

So on the whole, the town has been able to take in stride the changes brought about by the war and the loss of most of its young men.

The Weyenberg Shoe Factories, the Kirsh Foundry and the Monarch Malleable Iron Range Company (now making shells for the Army) are going full blast. But, as Bert Schwake puts it, "You can roll a bowling ball down Front Street any night after 9 P.M. without hitting anyone."

Everybody's got money, but there's no place to spend it except at the local shops on Front Street, like Newton and Wenz's, Maier and Zahn's, and the Model Exclusive Apparel. The women are getting bored with bridge, so they've taken to knitting face masks for Coast Guardsmen. The men are getting bored with scat, keeno and schafskopf, so they've taken to hanging around their lodges where they figure out ingenious new methods of invading Europe.

The library and 82-year-old librarian, Miss Hattie Doolittle, still look down in Gothic majesty from their vantage point on the corner of Front and Spring Streets. Beaver Dam River rushes cool and green and wild through the center of the town. In spring, kids sneak away from school and pull a mess of bullheads out of Beaver Dam Lake, which is practically in the town's back yard. And Griff Jones (who claims the title of the world's champion bullhead skinner and whose tavern is decorated with a plaque crediting him with the denuding of 2,150 pounds of live bullheads in a competition held at Browns Valley, Minn., on Oct. 16, 1915) still rents his summer cottages up the lake with a stipulation that no rent be paid on any cottage unless the tenant thereof pulls in a certain number of fish.

The Odeon Theater is still jammed for every change of feature. The town's 42 taverns are testimony of the beer-drinking capacity of the forebears of the citizenry. The high-school kids still go to Schwake's drug store for cokes. The boys go into the armed forces as soon as they graduate from school. The girls go away to work. Maddy Horn, once the world's champion speed skater, is in a war plant at Oshkosh while her medals and trophies tarnish in the attic of her home. The few remaining girls spend most of their time in Adlon's Circus Bar.

There are a lot of gold stars around now, one of them for 1st Sgt. Lester Brown of the local National Guard outfit, killed in New Guinea; another for Windy Braun, buried on Guadalcanal. On the lawn in front of the library, there's a big honor roll bearing the names of all the men in the armed forces, and there's a wall filled with servicemen's photos in Tommy's Tavern in South Beaver Dam. The proprietor, Tommy Ellen (ne Xtopolous) turned out to be the town's only hero of the first World War—despite the fact that he could hardly speak English—when he got lost in the Argonne Forest and captured something like 97 Germans in a cave. He still knows more about the war than anyone else in town. And when the troop trains stop just outside his tavern, he gets a strange, far-away look in his eye. On such occasions, his wife sends him upstairs, locks the door and hides the key.

The only way you can get to Madison and Milwaukee now is by bus, so nobody goes to the University of Wisconsin and Green Bay Packer games any more. Instead, the town jams the local high-school games. This unexpected attention completely rattled the Beaver football and basketball teams, both accustomed to performing in relative obscurity. It affected them, however, in different ways. The football team lost every game. The basketball team lost only to Horicon and ran away with the Little Ten Championship.

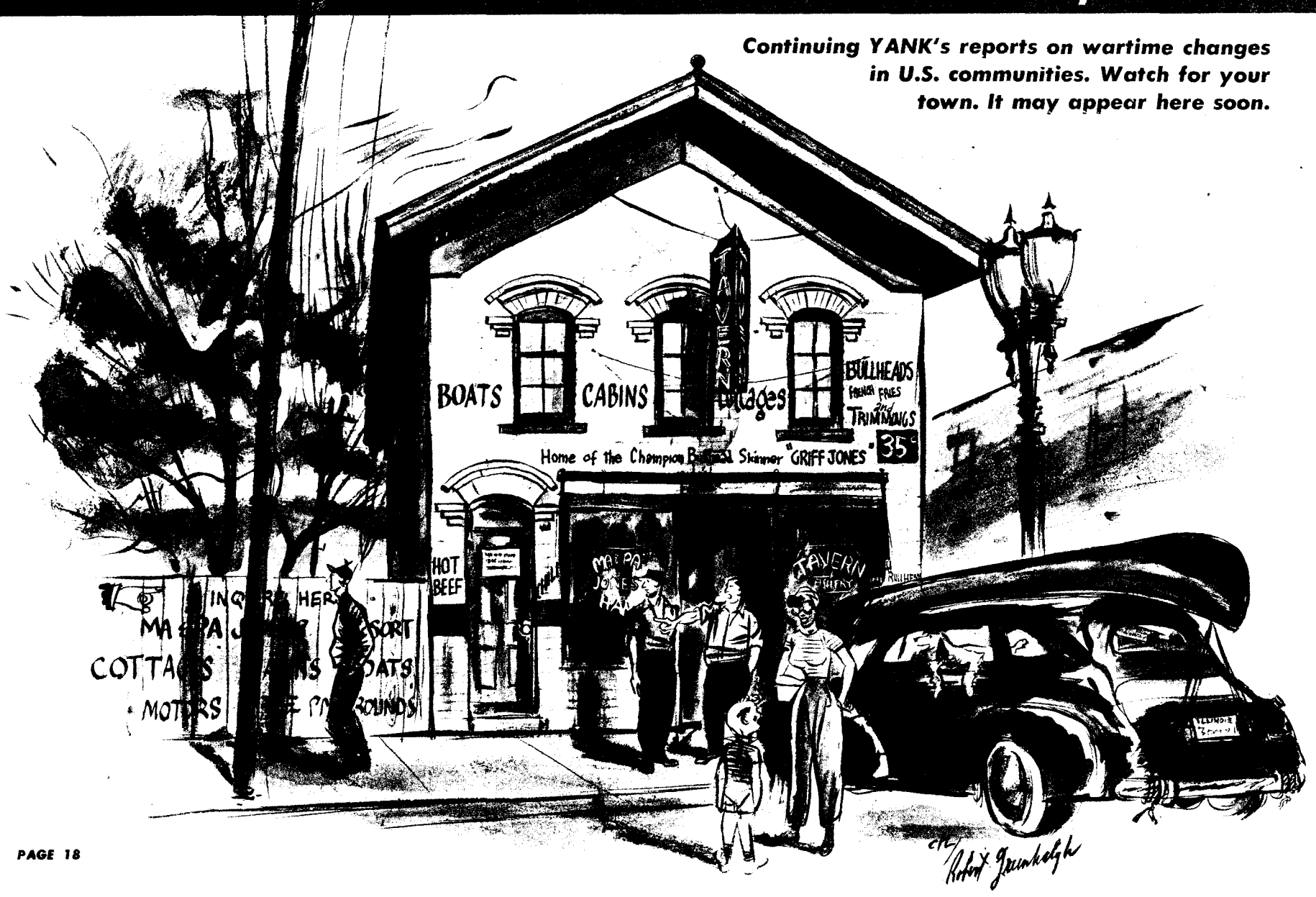
THE American Legion waged a campaign against Clarence Keller in 1942, charging him with misuse of public funds. Notwithstanding, Keller was re-elected mayor. Emil Drews, the town constable and taxi driver, was elected dog catcher. This posed a serious problem for Emil, since the town had no dog pound. He has solved the problem, temporarily at least, by running the captured muts into his taxi stand. Sometimes when he has a particularly vicious prisoner, Emil is afraid to enter the taxi stand to answer calls, further complicating the transportation muddle.

The transportation muddle is really a muddle. You can't get out to Crystal Beach — either for swimming or parking. You can't get out to the Friday night pick-up dances at Fox Lake and Horicon, or the Sunday night pick-up dances at Burnett. You can't get out to Alice King's at Minnesota Junction. Besides, it is reliably reported that blond Alice, a very smart business woman, has packed up her entire entourage and moved them to Merrimac, where the huge new powder plant is now running full blast.

But most important of all, you can't get out to the fields and the woods.

Muskrat pelts are selling for $2 apiece. The lakes are alive with perch and pike. Horicon Marsh is crowded with pheasant and duck and fox and mink and deer, none of which can quite comprehend what is going on.

There is hardly anyone to hunt them.



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Around *the* Camps

DOUBLE DUTY. This is the long and short of it, sizes 5 to 13, as represented by two out of 100 Air Force men who invaded a store in Milwaukee, Wis., to get themselves shod.

QUIZ KID. Francis N. Brogdon, 15, newsboy at Fort Sill, Okla., knows all the answers on guns. He solved gunnery problems so easily that they had him helping officer candidates.

SWEET DUNKING. Aviation cadets at the Army Air Training Base, Merced, Calif., give Esther Williams, actress, the toss, but that shouldn't bother her, an ex-swimming champ.

GI PYRAMID. The man who's responsible for holding up all that fire power is Pvt. George Puglise, 19. The performers belong to the 422d Regiment at Fort Jackson, S. C.

PLEASE STOP. They may not be getting a ride into town, but Love Field at Dallas, Tex., is doing its best for them by providing this bench and sign for all drivers to see.

TRIPLE AWARD. M/Sgt. Gust Portl receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal and the Silver Star for gallantry in combat as a U. S. aerial gunner in the Middle East.

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News From Home

ARKANSAS

Forty-one business and industrial leaders of the state, meeting at Little Rock, organized the Arkansas Economic Council to formulate a postwar program. For the second time the State Hospital reported that Tuck Bishop, accused of a quadruple slaying in Springdale last January, was sane. Ross Mauney, Extension Service economist, reported that Arkansas will have 22 percent more hogs, 7 percent more cattle and 12 percent more chickens to feed this year but only 85 percent as much corn as last year. Damage caused by the flooded Arkansas River between Pine Bluff and Tulsa, Okla., was estimated at 40 million dollars.

CALIFORNIA

San Joaquin Valley's labor shortage was to be partly met by the importation of 1,500 Mexican workers. A mysterious fire caused 2 million dollars' damage to the Union Oil Co. refinery at Oleum, 30 miles north of Oakland. At San Diego, the Junior Chamber of Commerce was sponsoring a "knives for lives" campaign for the benefit of sailors aboard the *USS San Diego*. Two sailors drove off three bears and rescued Joyce Howlett, 13, who was being mauled by the bears inside a pit at the San Diego Zoo. Harry Nale, 78, six times a widower, married Sarah Hamilton, 72, at Long Beach. San Francisco's health director sent out a call for women rat catchers. Yreka's honor roll on the courthouse lawn, erected by the Knights of Pythias, listed the names of 3,115 servicemen and women.

CONNECTICUT

Nineteen persons were arrested on gambling charges at New Haven following an expose by the *Yale Daily News* after wires of the paper's radio station became crossed and it started broadcasting race tips and results. At Hartford, Charles E. Ganter, former chairman of the Marlboro rationing board, fainted in court after being sentenced to nine months for violating gasoline-rationing regulations. New Britain cops were warned by the police commissioners against "mooching" delicacies in local stores. Gov. Baldwin said 2,000 high-school students would work on Connecticut farms this summer. At Manchester, Police Chief Gordon charged Deputy Chief Prentice with "willful disobedience of orders" by refusing to patrol a beat assigned to him. Died in Hazardville: H. Stephen Bridge, 80, business and civic leader.

DELAWARE

At Wilmington, four officers of the Mantle Club, which for 15 years had preached business ethics to its 30,000 members throughout the U.S., were convicted of using the mails to defraud and faced possible prison terms of 97 years. Cigarette smokers laid in a stock to beat the state's new 2-cents-a-package tax. A Liberty ship launched at Baltimore was named for the late Senator T. F. Bayard. Girls from Wilmington junior high schools went to Bridgeville to pick strawberries.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Federal officers sought to halt suspected espionage activities by clamping down on vice in the District as "Dr." Anna May Swift faced trial for operating alleged deluxe call houses in Chevy Chase, Md., and Washington. District druggists closed their 91st annual meeting by donating their extra quinine supplies for use by GIs in the Tropics. The Potomac Electric Power Co. appealed the $310,408 rate reduction ordered for its consumers for this year by the Public Utilities Commission. A shopping service opened for employees in the Pentagon Building.

FLORIDA

The Legislature voted a tax of 3 cents a pack on cigarettes before ending a 60-day session. A state-wide liquor curfew went into effect with liquor stores closing at 8 P.M. weekdays and all day Sundays. At St. Petersburg, a $200,000 fire wrecked the Broquinda plant; a dozen women were driving city busses and trolley cars. Dunedin needed city employees so badly it advertised in newspapers for them. Mitchell Wolfson was elected mayor of Miami Beach. The mercury touched 100 in Jacksonville, which experienced the hottest June in 29 years. Walter R. Clark, sheriff of Broward County before his suspension last year, won a plea for reinstatement before the Senate.

ILLINOIS

The Senate passed a bill giving women equal pay with men. Heavy rains had delayed corn planting and farmers were working from dawn to dusk to catch up. The bass fishing season opened. A new airport will be constructed at Quincy next spring. At Lewiston, thieves stole gasoline-rationing coupons worth 3 million gallons. At Chicago, Mrs. France Dyke, 43, mother of 10 sons in the armed services, became the mother of another son, her fifteenth. The Army was planning to abandon the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, which it purchased a year ago for $6,000,000 as a training school for AAF radio technicians. Died at Peru: Henry Donovan, Chicago Board of Trade wheat expert.

INDIANA

Culver Military Academy sold 34 artillery horses. A shortage of labor and money closed the 50-year-old Knox County Orphanage. Tomato canneries in Madison and Tipton Counties were looking for 12,000 workers. A $250,000 fire destroyed the Corcoran Metal Products plant at Washington. Lloyd Miller of Jefferson Township was Boone County's "alfalfa king" for 1943. Garry Dean, 3, was attacked by a gray fox at Bicknell. John E. Baker became principal of Elwood High School. Died: Robert C. Cox, Ladoga High principal; Miss Kate Finnery, 87, elected Attica's No. 1 citizen last year.

IOWA

Iowa City's Police Chief Sprinkle became an Army private at Camp Dodge. Anamosa men classified 4-F organized the "Famous Failures for Freedom Club" to promote War Bond purchases. Fire caused $225,000 damage to the Amana Society's refrigeration plant at Middle Amana. Irvin E. Rosa of Rochester, Minn., succeeded Irvin H. Schmitt as superintendent of schools at Davenport. A divorce decree granted to Laveta Brewster from William Brewster at Waterloo stipulated an equal division of their canned goods. Southeastern Iowa restaurant officials, meeting at Burlington, went without their usual banquet because the hotel where they met did not have enough ration points to serve them. Died at Woodburn: School Supt. Nickle at 63.

KANSAS

Kansas restaurant men appealed in Washington for adjustment of food regulations; 600 Kansas eating places have closed this year. At Kansas City, women were called for Federal grand jury service for the first time in Kansas; two women called wanted to can strawberries so Judge Hopkins kept Mrs. R. G. Liggett for the jury and sent Mrs. Corrine Offut home to do all the canning. The Kansas State Fair was scheduled for Sept. 19-24 at Hutchinson. A new star route was established from Smith Center, giving Osborne citizens an east mail each morning. Cold and rain delayed wheat harvesting in south Kansas. Three long-term convicts at the State Penitentiary at Lansing were wounded and recaptured trying to escape from the prison mine.

KENTUCKY

Mayor Weir and other Owensboro public officials headed a large group of volunteers who gathered the Daviess County tomato plants to save the crop. A Federal Grand Jury investigated last November's election in which Senator Chandler received 93 percent of his majority in Harlan County in only 42 percent of the precincts. No school busses were to be operated in Allen County this year. Ashland liquor and beer dealers favored a 10 P.M. curfew as a curb to juvenile delinquency. Elkton suffered its worst rabbit plague in years. Mayor Wyatt was the first donor at Louisville's new Red Cross Blood Donor Center. The State Railroad Commission denied a petition for a 33 1/3 percent increase in day-coach fares in Kentucky.

LOUISIANA

C. B. Turner resigned as superintendent of schools in East Baton Rouge Parish. New Orleans taxi drivers were forbidden to wear zoot suits. John McNeese Junior College at Lake Charles was transferred to LSU. The Morgan City Civic Club urged Gov. Jones to provide a special fund to develop the state's oyster industry. War Bonds and stamps were offered as prizes by the New Orleans Sportsmen League for the biggest black bass caught in city parks. The State Board of Liquidation voted $10,000 to the State Mineral Board to investigate oil leases made on state-owned land during the administrations of former Govs. Allen and Noe.

MASSACHUSETTS

The Valley Arena, Holyoke fight club, was destroyed by fire. Favorite new sandwich of Boston war workers was a mixture of peanut butter and raw onions. At Springfield, the Advertising Club's annual Pynchon Medal awards for civic service went to Edward H. Thomson, president of the Federal Land Bank, and Mrs. Margaret C. Ells, assistant principal of the Trade School. Lawrence was to have a $7,500 war memorial on its common. Thomas J. O'Brien, teacher-coach at Athol High for 12 years, received a Navy commission. Cathedral High defeated Tech 5-2 for the Springfield baseball title, then lost to Dalton 10-5 for the Western Massachusetts championship. Danvers Junior High students are dismissed at noon to allow them to help farmers weed their vegetable crops.

MICHIGAN

The Central Fibre Products Co. of Chelsea was lending some of its workmen on company time to farmers in the area. Adam Oberle of Coloma got $8 for the season's first crate of strawberries at the Benton Harbor market. Gambuisa, mosquito-eating fish, were let loose in ponds near the Willow Run bomber plant to combat malaria-carrying insects. Helen Burnett, 19, and Ilva Greene, 20, became mail carriers at East Lansing when the volume of mail was increased by hundreds of Air Force students at Michigan State College. At Muskegon, Mrs. Hazel Wegner and her second husband, Edwin R. Austin, were slain by Harry Wegner, the former's fifth husband, who then set Mrs. Wegner's house afire and died in the flames. FBI agents investigated CIO charges that the Ku Klux Klan was responsible for a four-day wildcat strike at the Packard Motor Co.

MINNESOTA

At Minneapolis, Mrs. Clyde Charley used her lipstick to jot down the license number of a car that knocked down Cpl. John Kitagawa; police later picked up Alvin Fritz of Ferndale, who, they said, admitted being the hit-run driver. Publisher Bradford of the *Northland Times* in Bemidji was the first newspaperman to accept Rep. Hagen's invitation to editors of the 9th Minnesota district to come one at a time to Washington at his expense and act as his secretary for one week. Wind and cold resulted in the poorest opening of the fishing season in 15 years. Fairbault, Austin and Luverne opened recreation centers for teen-age youths to combat juvenile delinquency. A thief stole 18 hams, 12 dozen eggs and 30 pounds of butter from Schmidler's Market in Minneapolis.

MISSISSIPPI

Picayune growers shipped 56 carloads of vegetables this season for a new record. Thieves looted J. R. Jackson's jewelry store at Waynesboro of several hundred dollars worth of gems and watches. At Natchez, Rabbi Meyer Marx resigned from Temple B'Nai Israel to head a congregation in Lincoln, Nebr. West Point victory gardeners were given a 50-percent cut in their water rates for three months. At Jackson, 150 students had registered in advance for summer classes at Central High.

MISSOURI

Herman McKinney's day-and-night restaurant in Jefferson City closed for the first time in 33 years to give employees a week's vacation. From Albany 50 residents traveled 125 miles in a school bus and a cattle truck to donate blood to the Red Cross in Kansas City. At Springfield, a jury awarded $500 to Mrs. Mildred Howard, Brookline teacher, in a slander suit based on a letter labeled "Dynamite—for Your Eyes Only," which Ross Sparkman, former school-board member, wrote to her. A St. Louis committee, authorized to pick names for 25 Flying Fortresses, included "St. Louis Cardinals," "Wings of St. Louis" and "Show-Me" on their list. St. Louis University gave up football for the duration.

NEBRASKA

Heavy rains created flood conditions in Peony Park near Omaha and in the Blue River and Indian Creek sections; at Auburn, the Nemaha River was a mile wide after a flash flood. The Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Omaha was to close. The Scottsbluff Junior Chamber of Commerce favored drafting fathers. Norfolk women sought a 9 P.M. curfew. Bob Korte of Fair-

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bury was named Nebraska's No. 1 all-star athlete of the 1942-'43 season. Mayor Klingman of Gering was elected state president of the VFW. A survey showed that Nebraska motorists had slowed their average driving speed from 46 to 39 miles an hour. The Grand Island air base was opened.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Legislature ended a five-month session by voting a $100 bonus for every New Hampshire veteran of this war. Lack of help brought Arthur Bushwa, 71, out of retirement to join his son and grandson in their barber shop at West Manchester. George M. Hutton, Hopping farmer, was awarded the Charles Holme Petty Memorial Medal by U. of N. H. alumni. Mrs. Maude Bickford is on 24-hour duty as a plane and forest-fire spotter atop Black Mountain near Tilton.

NEW MEXICO

A 9-hour workday became effective in Santa Fe shops. Loretto Academy at Las Cruces, oldest educational institution of southern New Mexico or west Texas, closed its doors after 73 years. At Cimarron, Ed and Ralph McDaniel paid $1,300,000 for the last piece of Waite Phillips' ranch property. Poisonous home-canned pumpkin was blamed for the deaths of four persons at Santa Rosa. State Guardsmen were to help fight forest fires under a new contract.

NEW YORK

Gunnar and John Lundstedt netted $6,000 apiece from a 100,000-pound haul of porgies and sea bass, the largest single catch of fish in one net ever reported off Long Island. Jamestown's hotels Samuels and Jamestown were sold to Raymond Grinstead of Seneca Falls. Animals in Buffalo's zoo were fed 150 pounds of meat confiscated from restaurant proprietor John Lindner, who was accused of smuggling it from Canada. A deer raced through downtown Rochester, leaped through an East Avenue restaurant window and died from cuts. The state's prison population was found to have dropped 17 percent since Pearl Harbor and a new parole-draft plan was expected to hasten a further reduction.

OHIO

The General Assembly ended its session after appropriating $400,000 for four new state parks. WLWO in Cincinnati will become the world's most powerful short-wave station after installation of transmitters with power totaling 750,000 watts. With Morrow County's relief rolls the lowest in a decade, office personnel was reduced to one clerk. So as not to interfere with war production, the GAR, at its annual encampment at Columbus, voted to call off its parade for the first time in 77 years. Youngstown's Mayor Spagnola fired John R. Elliott, manager of the municipal airport, and named Joseph J. Smith his successor. Ohio's new liquor-rationing plan permits soldiers to receive their ration allowance upon proving their Ohio residence.

OKLAHOMA

At the request of Gov. Kerr farm-machinery-rationing boards acted to give quick relief to farmers whose equipment was lost or damaged by the recent flood; meanwhile the OPA cut red tape to release badly needed rubber boots and new ration books to replace those lost in the deluge. High-school students at Noble picked and canned a ton of cherries that were going to waste on trees owned by C. R. Hasket. Henryetta established a 9:30 P.M. curfew for children under 16. State traffic accidents dropped 40 percent the first three months of 1943 compared with the same period last year.

PENNSYLVANIA

Peach production was expected to be 25 percent under last year's. At Norristown, William Roosevelt, 10-year-old grandson of the President, was absolved by a coroner's jury of responsibility in the fatal shooting of his playmate, A. Lewis Hutchinson, 11, of Ardmore. Philadelphia hotels abolished room service, linen napkins and fresh sheets daily in a move to conserve manpower. Two persons were killed and 69 injured in a crash before daylight between a Philadelphia-Pittsburgh bus and a streetcar at Baum Boulevard and Negley Avenue, Pittsburgh. Died at Waynesboro: Dr. J. Burns Amberson, 98, oldest graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, just before publication of his article on "How to Attain a Happy Old Age" in the University alumni magazine. Levi G. Lichliter of Boswell resigned as chairman of the State Labor Relations Board and Leo C. Abernathy, Pittsburgh labor leader, was expected to succeed him.

RHODE ISLAND

Gov. McGrath appointed a seven-man committee to study a bonus plan for Rhode Island's 50,000 soldiers. Mrs. Thais L. Robertson, mother of two, received the first taxi license granted to a Newport woman. The Peace Dale fire station was damaged by a $10,000 blaze before Wakefield fire fighters could bring it under control. Providence College reported 1,300 alumni in uniform. Air-raid wardens Grandchamp and Lozoena of Gaspee Point, Warwick, who saddle horses and ride the sands when the sirens blow, were believed to be Rhode Island's only mounted wardens. Thieves ransacked two offices and took valuable machine parts from the basement workshop of East Senior High in Pawtucket.

SOUTH CAROLINA

A movement was under way to name Darlington County's new airport for Lt. Billy Farrow, who piloted a bomber on the Tokyo raid. Approximately 20,000 copies of the new metropolitan-size Charleston telephone directory were distributed. Three trainmen were killed and three injured in a head-on collision between two Seaboard Air Line freight trains near Clinton. At Charleston, bids were about to be opened for construction of an $800,000 seven-story addition to Roper Hospital.

TENNESSEE

Memphis placed a midnight curfew on juke boxes and pinball machines and limited one of each to an establishment. A sale of 54 Jersey cattle at the Tennessee State Fair Grounds, Nashville, set a national record for sales of this breed with a high of $3,000 and an average of $607 per head. Tom McKinney, former janitor at Sunny Side School and the Brainerd Methodist Church at Chattanooga, celebrated his 101st birthday. At Dayton, Roy Denton, rural-mail carrier of Rhea County for 27 years, retired. Heavy frosts cut the east Tennessee peach-crop prospects 75 percent. Gas rationing was so severe that bus-line officials at Chattanooga promised transportation north only as far as Bristol.

TEXAS

Fire swept the original J. Weingarten, Inc., grocery on Main Street, Houston. Rio Grande Valley tomato shipments broke all previous records for volume and price. A $125,000 Methodist Church chapel was proposed for the A. & M. campus. At Galveston, Dr. Henry Cohen, rabbi of Congregation B'nai Israel, was honored on the 55th anniversary of his tenure and the 75th anniversary of the founding of the congregation. C. M. Francis of Stamford was elected president of the Texas Cottonseed Crushers Association. At Dallas, women were being trained as mechanical inspectors by the National Cash Register Co.

UTAH

Scores of first offenders are being placed on probation and given a chance to enter the Army rather than a prison. The WLB authorized wage adjustments for 6,000 Utah cannery workers. Walter Stevens, who escaped recently from the Salt Lake City jail, wrote and asked Police Chief Vetterli to send his belongings to Las Vegas, Nev. South High won the Salt Lake City track and baseball championships by defeating East, but East took the tennis title from South. A 450-unit housing development was nearly completed at Drager in Carbon County.

VIRGINIA

Virginia's potato crop is expected to run 68 percent ahead of last year. The Civil Service Commission started a drive to enlist 8,500 workers for Hampton Roads shipyards. At Danville, 120 textile-mill employees were hospitalized after eating contaminated food. Sixty persons were injured, none seriously, in a collision between a Floyd bus and a Greyhound bus at Second and Grace Street, Richmond. Dr. Robert S. Perkins, Norfolk's oldest practicing physician, who visited patients by horse and buggy for 71 years, died at 95.

WASHINGTON

Plans were announced for helicopter air-mail pick-up service from Seattle to Kent, Auburn, Puyallup, Tacoma, Olympia, Centralia, Chehalis, Raymond, South Bend, Aberdeen and Montesano. Delta Smyth's water-front machine shop at Olympia was damaged by a $10,000 fire. Sixty families in the White River Valley near Auburn must move because the Government is to build a 11-million-dollar lend-lease storage depot on their land. Seattle's gambling houses were shut tight by a police drive. Wooden bodies for Army trucks manufactured at the Northwest Chair Co. of Tacoma are being used successfully on world battle fronts, the OWI revealed.

WISCONSIN

The Legislature passed a bill providing for a five-man board to supervise hospitalization and medical aid for returning war veterans; a bonus feature of the bill was dropped. A tornado swept northern Polk and southern Burnett Counties, killing two men and causing heavy damage. Eugene Sieger of Milwaukee was accused of stealing a freight engine in Waukesha and driving it to North Prairie, 15 miles away. Rufus King and East tied for the Milwaukee high-school track championship; South was third, Washington fourth and Bay View fifth. At Milwaukee, Principal Knoelk of West Division High was cleared by the school board of charges brought by 38 teachers that he had belittled students.

U. S. Army Engineers from Camp McCoy, Wis., built a ponton bridge across Chicago River in less than an hour and dismantled it in another hour—a demonstration celebrating the Engineers' 168th Anniversary.

Joan Leslie is a student as well as a star. She realized a big ambition when she wore this cap and gown as a member of the graduating class of the University High School at Brentwood, Calif.

This is a detail that won't be stopped before the end of the war. The men are Italian prisoners, interned at Camp Atterbury, Ind. They earn their keep by working on routine camp jobs.

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OST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

To Mary With Love

"I LOVE you so much, darling."

Joe stopped pecking at the typewriter and puffed his cigarette nervously.

It was a good letter so far, he thought. Not too much goo. But solid enough to let her know she was important—and loved.

This was the fourth letter to Mary this week. It was damned tough finding new words of endearment and new words of love to write her.

There was nothing wrong with the old standbys, of course.

"I love you madly—I think of you from reveille to taps, just like the song says." That was good stuff, especially from a soldier. Women went for it. Mary did, anyway.

Joe frowned in concentration. Damn it! Why hadn't he picked up those poetry books from the library yesterday? Edna St. Vincent Millay and Shelley. They made plain words sound beautiful. Oh hell, she'd have to be satisfied with Xs and the same kind of love words dames all over the world were getting from guys all over the world. Soldiers weren't supposed to be poets anyway.

He crushed his cigarette butt, lifted the portable typewriter from his lap and went to the foot locker. He opened it and looked steadily at Mary's picture pinned on the inside of the lid. It was 8-by-10, colored.

"Jees, she's beautiful," he whispered and looked around guiltily. Nobody was watching.

Joe closed the locker and went back to his bunk. He perched the typewriter on his lap. He continued.

"Every time I look at your picture, the thought of your beauty runs through my blood like sweet wine. Your name is like a golden bell hung in my heart and when I think of you it rings and sings, 'Mary, Mary!' "

The last line was a steal from *Cyrano*, but she wouldn't know the difference.

"I love you, I adore you. What more can I say?"

As a matter of fact, there was damn little more he could say. He was running dry.

"Just remember it is you I am fighting for. You are my war aims, my memories, my hopes. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

With love,"

Joe closed the top of the typewriter with a bang.

"The hell with this," he swore to himself. "These letters are getting too tough. It'll cost the sergeant 10 bucks next month, or he'll have to write his own love letters."

—Pfc. JOE WESTON

Camp White, Oreg.

"Junior's been growing like a weed since he got in the Army, Martha!"
—Sgt. Howard P. Sparber, Miami Beach, Fla.

ODE TO THE SIGN IN THE PX . . .

Which reads: We reserve the right to limit the sale of candy better to serve the enlisted man.

It happens just once in a lifetime
(Believe me if I say it's true),
And don't be a skeptical soldier—
It might even happen to you.

The ice cream was high as the mountains,
The soda was deep as the seas,
The clouds, which were puffed full of whipped cream,
Floated down on chocolate trees.

The girl friends were all made of sugar,
Each redhead, each blond and brunette:
And they laughed, and they sang, as they whispered:
"Oh darling, we'll all get you yet."

The music was so soft and swingful,
And the breeze blew of Nuit d'Amour;
"What a life, this is living!" I shouted,
"No artist could write such a score."

I slept on the grass made of candy,
And voices sang sweet in the air:
I smiled, so I guess, in my dreaming,
For I had not a worldly care.

—Pfc. MAX KORASHAN

Williams Field, Ariz.

AN MP'S LOT

Oh, doggedly from dusk to dawn
He watches other guys have fun,
Playing mother, brother, father;
Nothing is too great a bother.

Enters room and all is quiet
Where before there was a riot;
If the riot isn't finished,
While he's there, it's quite diminished.

An MP lives and loves, but none
Can ever have a little fun,
'Cause if he tries to play or sin
Another MP pulls him in.

—Pvt. JACK LUSTIG

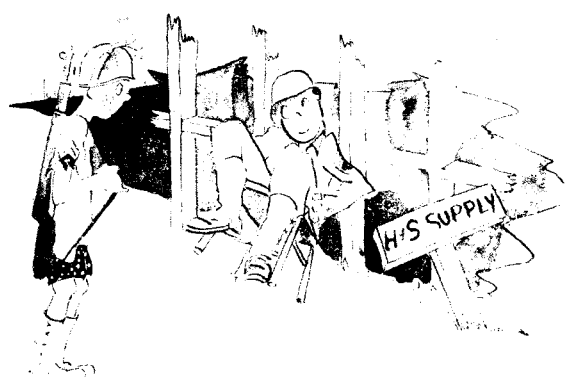
Camp Maxey, Tex.

CADENCE

There was a drill sergeant named Crumbers
Who studied his men in their slumbers,
And it worried the guy—
He was so damned GI—
That his men wouldn't snore by the numbers.

—Pvt. WM. CAHN

Fort Rosecrans, Calif.



"And what would you like to have?"
—Pvt. F. A. Bernard, North Africa

Comment on Freely's Law
OR
FREELY'S LAW AMENDED

PFC. HOLLAND'S treatise on Freely's Law [YANK, May 7] is no doubt one of the most notable contributions to Army science in recent years. However, as it now stands, Freely's Law, which sheds light on the age-old problem of when it is safe to ignore nature's call, is definitely open to further speculation and development—especially in its application to soldiers.

The law *per se* is valid. Who can gainsay that "resistance is directly proportional to the sum of urgency and distance, and inversely proportional to atmospheric temperature"? But we must remember that the factors tend to be variable and thus we cannot establish a hard and fast principle of action.

Pfc. Holland, for example, applied the law only to beer-drinking soldiers. But what of that rare soldier, the teetotaler? What indeed? Or suppose that the soldier (hereinafter to be called Pvt. Q) is in one of those localities, not uncommon, where beer is beyond the realm of reality. What, in such cases, will determine urgency, or freelies?

It is my contention that in such cases Pvt. Q will have to determine the number of freelies in terms of beans (ounces or pounds), prunes or other laxative-quality nutriments.

Suppose, again, that Pvt. Q finds himself in a combat area where snipers are a great menace. Peering out into the darkness, he sees that the distance is 300 feet. On the other hand, he must reckon with the snipers. Using a chart which I have prepared and will send to any soldier in return for the left wing of a Junkers-88 and two pin-ups of Carrie Nation, he discovers that the distance value of snipers is 500 feet, making the total distance 800 feet. He also discovers that the temperature is 140 degrees. (Pvt. Q seems to have got himself sent to one of the less desirable fronts.)

Since beer is unavailable in this godforsaken area, Pvt. Q immediately recalls that he consumed 16 ounces of beans and 8 ounces of dried prunes, making a total of 24 freelies.

We now have the following formula*:

$$r = \frac{f + d}{t} = \frac{24 + 800}{140} = \frac{824}{140} = 6$$

Resistance, therefore, is equal to six "urgens," one "urgen" being equal to 15 minutes. Pvt. Q, consequently, has exactly one hour and 30 minutes' resistance. If he has to fall out before that time is up, he may retire confidently. If not, it is incumbent upon him to answer the call to urgency. Of course, there is still the possibility that Pvt. Q may use the immediate vicinity of his shelter as a repository. This is not sporting and virtually repeals Freely's Law. But it will foil the snipers.

—Pvt. EMIL WEINSTEIN

Canada

*Definition of symbols, according to Holland's original treatise: f equals urgency measured in freelies (the freely is an arbitrary unit for the measurement of urgency); r is resistance measured in time; d is distance in feet; t is temperature.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY

White king moves 6 to 10. Black king jumps 28 to 19. . . White moves 20 to 16—the key to the draw. . . . Now Black is on the spot. If he moves his king (19 to 23, or 19 to 24), he loses by White's 16-to-11 reply. So, Black must pitch 8 to 11 and accept a draw.

LETTER DIVISION

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      1235
37   45695
       37
      86
      74
     129
     111
     185
     185
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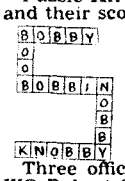
Tee-Total Winners

Puzzle Kit winners in the Tee-Total contest for May 28, and their scores, are George Bateman, Bolling Field, D. C. (467); Pvt. J. G. Yomner, Camp Pinedale, Calif. (456); Sgt. Alfred Burger, Aberdeen, Md. (455); Pvt. John Nizich, Fort Ord, Calif. (453); Sgt. Lloyd Waldron, Dale Mabry Field, Fla. (451); S/Sgt. A. L. Bronstein, Camp Forrest, Tenn., and Pvt. Stanley Baum, N. Camp Hood, Tex. (both 450). Bateman's solution is shown here.



Three officers also were among the winners. They are WO Robert Scherer, Fort Devens, Mass. (463); Lt. K. W. Swayne, Camp Gordon, Ga. (456), and Capt. D. R. Kinney, San Francisco (451).

Congratulations to Pvt. Yomner and WO Scherer; this is the second time you've hit the jack pot. If you want another Puzzle Kit, write us. Or you can send us the name and address of a friend and we'll send your prize to him.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Cpl. Ben Schnall. 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. Pete Paris. 5—PA. 6—Buster Blundell. 7—Cpl. Steve Derry. 8, 9, 12 & 13—Schnall. 16—Universal Pictures. 17—Top left, NBC; center left, MGM; right, Four Commandos, North Africa. 19—Upper left, AAF; upper center, USA Signal Corps; upper left, Acme; lower left, PRO, Fort Jackson, S. C.; lower center, AAF Ferrying Command, Love Field, Tex.; lower right, U. S. Army. 21—Left, Acme; center, INP; right, Acme. 23—INP.

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SPORTS:

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

RICKEY PULLS A FAST ONE ON CUBS AND STEALS THEIR NEW SHORTSTOP

Boyd Owen Bartly, left, who learned about shortstopping under ex-major leaguer Wally Roettger at the University of Illinois, talks with his new boss, Manager Leo Durocher of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

When Branch (Trader) Rickey heard that Boyd Owen Bartley, a genuine cultured shortstop, was graduating from the University of Illinois, he dispatched one Mr. Henry Schultz to Chicago with instructions to bring the kid back to Brooklyn come hell or the Chicago Cubs.

The fact that the Chicago Cubs had paid Bartley's tuition at Illinois in exchange for his solemn promise to sign with them after graduation was of no interest to Trader Rickey. Nothing interests the Trader when he sets out after a player except the player himself. Rickey even forgot that he had once subscribed to a gentleman's agreement with the Cubs whereby he would recognize their ownership of Bartley even though a contract had not been signed.

The Trader wasn't fooling anybody, except maybe the Cubs, when he gave his hand on this deal. The truth of the matter was the Trader didn't want any truck with Judge Landis. The Judge had already laid the law down to his major-league moguls about contracting college players until after their graduation, and nobody knows any better than the Trader what it means when the Judge cracks his whip.

The last time the Trader ran afoul of Landis, the old man threw the book at him. Those were the days when Rickey was overlording the vast Cardinal farm system and the Judge discovered that he had over 100 players chained down to questionable contracts and declared them all free agents. This time the Trader was more cautious. He waited until Bartley was free game before he sent Mr. Schultz after him.

When Mr. Schultz arrived in Chicago he learned that Bartley had already worked out with the Cubs and impressed Manager Jimmy Wilson so much that Wilson wished he could start the kid at short that afternoon against the Giants. All that was left for the Cubs to do was to sign Bartley, and Mr. James Gallagher of the Chicago management said there was no rush about it, because it was just "a mere formality."

Schultz grabbed this opportunity to work on Bartley.

"Young man, you would be foolish to sign with this last-place club without first seeing what Brooklyn has to offer," Schultz told Bartley. "Tell Mr. Gallagher to give you 24 hours to think his proposition over and we will go to Pittsburgh where you can talk with Trader Rickey in person. He has flown all the way to Pittsburgh just to see you."

The kid was properly impressed and asked Mr. Gallagher for a little time to think it over. Gallagher agreed and Bartley was hustled to Pittsburgh where Rickey was waiting to charm him. The Trader was never in better form. He charmed Bartley right out of the extra $3,000 which he would have received for signing with the Cubs.

The next time Gallagher or Wilson saw Bartley he was wearing a Dodger uniform and playing shortstop against the Cubs in a Sunday double-header at Wrigley Field. Between games, there was a little ceremony around home plate in which a group of Bartley admirers from Illinois presented the kid with a wrist watch. The Cubs wanted to see the watch, but Wilson refused to let them leave the dugout.

"That kid will never have no luck," Wilson told his team, knocking a double negative out to deep leftfield. "Nor will the guy who signed him." Wilson was referring, of course, to Trader Rickey.

Mr. Rickey himself doesn't care what Wilson or anybody else says about him. Somebody is always yelling murder in the general direction of the Trader after they do business with him.

But young Bartley seems disturbed. He's afraid Jimmy Wilson has hexed him with one of those double negatives. He's not hitting no better than .048.

Chester Hajduck of Great Lakes slides home to start a triple steal against Chicago Cubs. McCullough catches; Boyland's the batter. Great Lakes won, 4-0.

Back in 1907, **Jim Farley** took a semi-pro baseball team down to West Point to play one of the best cadet teams in years. Catching for West Point was one **Cadet Ike Eisenhower**, and Farley's first baseman was a slick fielding Harvard undergraduate named **Franklin D. Roosevelt**. Army won 8-5. . . . **Pvt. Harry Danning**, the Giants' catcher, has been selected for OCS. . . . **Baron Gottfried von Cramm**, the German tennis champion who was jailed by Hitler because he swished every time he took a goose step and later was released to fight with Rommel in Africa, is back in stir again. He was collared by the Allies in the big Tunisian clean-up.

You GIs overseas, who have been using rolled-up coveralls for basketballs and pickax handles for baseball bats, will soon be getting regulation sports equipment from Special Service. The War Department has already ordered $4,000,000 worth of recreational supplies, including everything from fishing tackle to bingo and chess sets. . . . **Lt. Bob Saggau**, one of Notre Dame's greatest quarterbacks, now calls signals for a Navy dive-bombing squadron in the South Pacific. . . . **Frankie Kovacs** has turned up in Australia with the US Army. . . . **Pvt. Harry Boykoff**, St. John's high-scoring basketball star, has been assigned to the "King's Guard," an exclusive detachment of MPs all over 6 feet tall, who will guard the President at his Hyde Park (N. Y.) estate.

During a big Navy picnic somewhere in the South Pacific, **Admiral Chester Nimitz** challenged **Bill Scoggins SM 1c1** to a horseshoe-pitching duel, and then proceeded to beat the pants off Scoggins, 21-15. . . . At Fort Sheridan, Ill., two Wäacs, **Edith DeWitt** and **Sally Oigley**, entered the post tennis tournament and went all the way to semi-finals before they were eliminated. . . . **Atley Donald's** draft number is up and so is that of **Anton Christoforidis**, the ex-light-heavyweight champ. . . . Bombardier **Lou Zamperini**, the former USC intercollegiate mile champion, who was reported missing in action in the Pacific, never lost his enthusiasm for running. Between bombing missions he kept in shape by running around the airfield. . . . **Helen Rains**, one of the country's top swimmers, is sweating out her costume jewelry (bars to you, Joe) at the WAAC OCS at Des Moines, Iowa.

What's this we hear about **Sgt. Zeke Bonura**, the former big leaguer, trading baseball lessons to an Arab in North Africa for the use of his full-blooded Arabian horse? . . . The fabulous Phillies are now in the newspaper business, printing a weekly, the *Scoreboard*, for servicemen. It tells of the Phillies' progress and is available for the asking. . . . Willie Pep, the featherweight champ, has signed up with the Navy.

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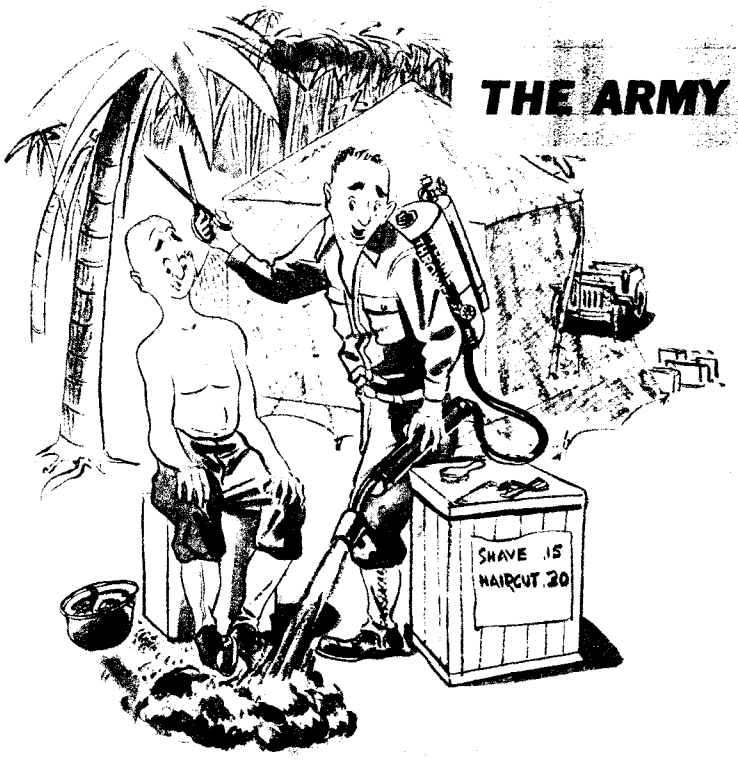
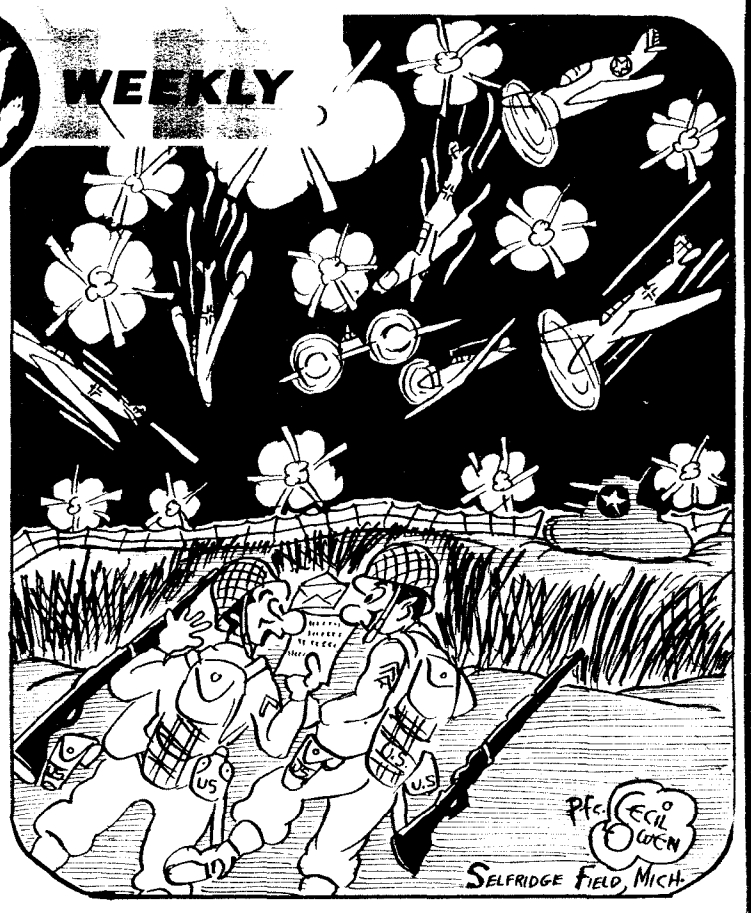
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"SINGE ?"
Cpl. W. R. Watt, England, and Sgt. Frank Brand



"MY GIRL FRIEND JUST MARRIED SOME FOOL IN THE NAVY. IS THAT A RELIEF OFF MY MIND!"
—Pfc. Cecil Owen, Selfridge Field

"QUIT FOLLOWING ME AROUND WITH THAT SILLY LOOK ON YOUR FACE."
Pvt. Phil Interlandi, Camp Robinson, Ark.

"WILL YOU PLEASE RELAX, BILL. YOU ACT LIKE WE WEREN'T ALONE."
Sgt. Leonard H. Baer, New Gu

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